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The most rational motives to Life Assurance are found in the plan adopted by this Society, viz. joined to a secure provision at death for inheritors of the assured, the Society affords succour to the assured himself (proportioned to previous payments) in the event of unforeseen reverses. Annual division of profits.

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The attention of the Society is directed to the very Moderate Rates now charged by this Company, which are founded upon Tables verified by the actual experience of the office for upwards of forty years.

Insurances may be effected with the Company on the Return or Non-Return System.

The Assured in the Pelican Office are not, as in mutual Assurance Societies, exposed to the liabilities of partnership; and even in the event of a mortality occurring beyond that on which the Tables are founded, the Assured with this Company can suffer no loss, possessing the guarantee of a large paid-up Capital, and the further security of a responsible body of Proprietors, distinct from the Assured.

Prospectuses and every information obtained on application at the Offices as above, or to the Company appointed in every principal Town in the Kingdom.

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A General Meeting holden on the 15th of January, 1852, a dividend of the profits of the Society for the 5 years ending 1st January, 1851, was declared; by this division an addition was made to the sums assured by all Policies entitled to share therein, amounting on the average to about 45 per cent. on the premiums received.

Four-fifths, or 80 per cent. of the total profits, are divided among the Assured at intervals of five years. All Policies on which two payments have been made, participating therein.

The Profits received by the Assured are recovered by the Assured in present money, or by a reduction of the Annual Premium, or by adding to the Policy an equivalent reversionary sum.

All Persons Assured on their own lives for 1,000l. or upwards have the right (after two Annual payments) of attending and voting at all General Meetings. W. M. BROWNE, Actuary.

## WESTERN LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

Office, 49, Parliament-street, Westminster.

Capital 500,000.—10,000 Shares, 50l. each.—Deposit 50l. each Share.

This Society is established for the Assurance of Lives, upon principles combining economy with perfect security.

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**Table of Premiums to assure 1000l. for the whole term of life.**

Age.	Annual Premium, Age, 20 to 30.	Age, 30 to 40.	Age, 40 to 50.	Age, 50 to 60.
20	1 14 2	3 5 0	5 0 4	3 4 3
25	1 11 11	4 0 2	6 5 5	5 3 4
30	2 4 8	5 9 1	10 0 0	10 3 3

The object of this Society is to afford to the Assured all the benefits of Life Assurance, at a great reduction in the rates of Premium. For example: A person aged 30, insuring with this Society assure his life for 500l. by the annual payment of 11l. 3s. 4d., which in a Society where the Bonus is held out as a main inducement, would cost him 15l. 7s. 4d., or, in other words, for the same annual premium he could at this Office assure very nearly 500l., whereby he derives AN IMMEDIATE AND CERTAIN BONUS OF 100l.

All particulars as to Shares, Loans, Assurances, &c. may be obtained on application to the Secretary, and, if required, forwarded to the Country.

Parties in the Country eligible for undertaking Agencies are requested to apply.

A very liberal Commission allowed to Solicitors and Agents.

EDW. T. RICHARDSON, Actuary and Secretary.

## SCOTTISH UNION INSURANCE COMPANY.—Chief London Office, 40, West Strand.

Instituted 1821, and incorporated by Royal Charter.  
**LIFE ASSURANCE.**—The Directors have been enabled, in consequence of the care exercised in the admission of Lives, to make additions for the last seven years, averaging no less than *fourteen per cent.* on the sums insured. For example: The additions made to Policies of 1000l. each, vary from 150l. 7s. 6d. to 175l. 6d. according to the age at entry—a result, it is believed, far more favourable to the Assured than any other Company has hitherto accomplished, when the LOW RATES of Premium charged by the Corporation are taken into consideration.

A printed Statement, containing full particulars of this large Bonus, may be had on application to the Secretary.

The next division of Profits will take place in December, 1851, being an interval of five years; and persons entering before the 1st of August next, will enjoy one year's additional rating, and rank at next division of profits for five complete years.

Forms of Proposals may be had at the Offices, No. 40, West Strand, and No. 78, King William-street, City.

F. G. SMITH, Secretary.

## BRITANNIA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, 1, Princess-street, Bank, London.

This Institution is empowered by a special Act of Parliament. A Vict. cap. 1X., and is so constituted as to afford the benefits of Life Assurance, in their fullest extent, to Policy-Holders, and to present greater facilities and accommodation than can be obtained in other Offices. The decided superiority of its plan, and its claim to public preference and support, have been, incontestably, by its extraordinary and unprecedented success. Extract from Increasing Rates of Premium, for an Assurance of 1000l. for the whole term of life.

100 <i>l.</i> for Whole Term of Life.					
Age.	Annual Premium payable during				
	1st Five years.	2nd Five years.	3rd Five years.	4th Five years.	Remainder of life.
20	£1 1 4	£1 5 10	£1 10 11	£1 16 9	£2 3 8
30	1 6 4	1 12 2	1 19 1	2 7 4	2 17 6
40	1 16 1	2 4 4	2 14 6	3 7 3	4 3 4



LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1842.

## REVIEWS

*Inquiries in International Law.* By James Reddie, Esq., Advocate. Blackwood & Sons.

LAW, in the scientific sense of the term, is the theorized relationship of man to man, man to society, or of one society or nation to another. As the existence of a civil law presupposes a civil state, so does that of an international law imply what we may be allowed to call a state of nations, or a community of countries independently governed, and holding free intercourse one with the other. This consideration is sufficient to show how vain it is to search the records of ancient Rome for traces of the law of nations. The history of that astonishing power is divided into two chapters—one the detail of her aggressions, the other the narrative of her acquired empire. In neither period was there, or could there have been, any habitual recognition of adverse rights, any appeal to just principles, any systematic reference except to the force and terror of the Roman arms. We think Mr. Reddie represents the institution of the *Fecciales* in a light rather too amiable. He observes,—

"In the earlier, and better times, of the Roman State, the *leges publicae* was maintained, and many of the rules of international law were in observance. During the times of their kings, the *collegium feccialium* was instituted; and the duties of the *fecciales* were to watch over the public interests of the state, to give their advice in whatever concerned peace or war, alliances, the treatment of foreign ambassadors, and other state transactions, with foreign nations. They were also sent as heralds, and ambassadors, to other nations on various matters of importance, during war, as well as in peace; they pronounced upon the justice of wars to be undertaken; they were in the practice of committing to writing their modes of proceeding, to serve as guides for the determination of future cases; and there thus grew up a sort of *corpus juris feccialis*, apparently embracing many of the doctrines of international law. *Belii, quidem, equitas, sanctissime, fecciali populi jure, prescripta est.*"

But is it not rather true that the Feccial College, while it subsisted, was more a device for giving the sanctions of religion to schemes of conquest, than a solemn tribunal where the grounds of projected war were brought to the severe test of reason and justice? That the "*jus fecciale*" were a fair exterior is very probable: doubtless every "*casus belli*" was made out to the public satisfaction, and varnished over with all the plausibilities of sacerdotal craft. It is, however, perfectly consistent with this view, that those diplomatic divines should have laid down "many of the doctrines of international law," as Mr. Reddie supposes; and that their written canon may have deserved the character given it by Cicero. In proportion as wars have been wanton and wicked, history shows that nations have been particularly sanctimonious in the choice of the pretences for them. Virtuous theories are the best of all disguises for flagitious proceedings; and the establishment, by an aggressive and predatory state like Rome, of a corps of functionaries, surrounded by the forms of religion, for the express purpose of keeping the conscience of the Republic in affairs of peace and war, is a fact in her history perfectly conformable with all that we know of the hypocrisy of nations.

We suspect there has been sustained no serious damage by the important science in question, in consequence of the loss of the Feccial Code. The transactions of Rome, in her best days, with other countries, were not of a nature to generate those relationships from which a system of international law was likely to have sprung.

Commerce is the natural parent of such a system; not even the "*jus belli*," as now understood by jurists, can be conceived to have been apprehended or acknowledged by a people whose wars did not result from the disruption of previously established habits of peaceful intercourse, but from speculations of aggrandisement and the military passion. The growth of the science, we believe, must have commenced with the study of the rights of peace, and thence extended to the consideration of the rights of war; but both discussions imply the sense and admission of equality, not in power, but independence; they imply a respect of one nation for another—a feeling that certainly did not characterize the mistress of the ancient world.

But if the history of Roman aggression contains but slight vestiges of the science of the law of nations, still more barren is the period of her established and universal sway. Under the first emperors the Feccial institution vanished, or dwindled into an empty name. Mr. Reddie justly remarks,—

"It was not to be expected, that a people could long continue to recognise the principle of national independence in other states, whose policy, for a series of ages, was to subject to their sway all the surrounding nations, whose empire came in time to embrace all the civilized part of the habitable globe, and who viewed all the nations beyond the imperial territories, as barbarians, with reference to whom they did not consider themselves bound to observe the ordinary rules of justice."

How, indeed, could there have existed a law of nations, when there was, in truth, but one self-governed nation in the world? The Roman state was one of perfect isolation; it subdued all rivalry; it admitted no equality;

But all alone stood hugely politic.

Policy, in truth, was not a Latin word. The diplomatic corps of Rome consisted of her legions. The solution of every difficulty in foreign affairs was the naked sword; and had the maxims of international law existed, and been appealed to, imperial Rome would have listened with as much contemptuous indifference as the Dey of Tunis in modern times did to poor St. André, who was hanged like a dog, although he quoted—

—Puffendorf and Grotius,  
And proved by Vattel  
Exceedingly well

Such a deed would be quite atrocious.

It was the breaking up of the Roman empire that produced the state of things, out of which arose the system in question.

"From this division of the Roman provinces, embracing almost the whole of Europe, among the different northern invading nations, into separate kingdoms, republics, or states, independent of each other, but of which the population was connected by various ties, and were, in time, led to frequent intercourse, from community of race, or origin, from strong affinity, though not identity of language, and from the adoption of the same religion, there can be no doubt, arose, in the progress of ages, the positive law of nations, now known by the appellation of '*Droit des gens moderne de l'Europe*.' But centuries passed away after the settlement of the northern nations, before this species of international law came to be recognised among the great European kingdoms."

And the foundations were first laid by the commercial republics of the south of Europe:

"Accordingly the first rules of international law appear to have originated in the contests and wars which the trading republics,—of Venice, Genoa, Pisa and Florence, Marseilles, and Barcelona, particularly the Italian republics,—carried on for ages against each other; and the first traces of these rules are to be found in the record of the usages of those republics, which were afterwards adopted by the greater European nations, on account of their wisdom and equity."

Mr. Reddie notices the aid afforded by Christianity and the Church of Rome towards the establishment of a law of nations:—

"The pure morality and mild precepts of the Christian religion, when once adopted by them, although the effect did not appear so early, or to such an extent as might have been expected, could not fail to exert a salutary influence on the reciprocal conduct of nations, as well as of individuals. Nay, even some of what we have been accustomed to consider as the abuses of Christianity, during the Middle Ages, such as the absurd pretensions and exorbitant powers, actually exercised by the Popes and the higher clergy over the sovereigns of independent states, had, in one respect, rather a beneficial tendency, inasmuch as they promoted a systematic habit of intercourse among the rulers of the European nations. At the Councils, held from time to time by the Popes, the sovereigns in person, or by their ambassadors, the dignified clergy, the officers of state, some of the nobles, and many of the more influential classes of the different European nations, were accustomed to assemble in a sort of parliament, to deliberate upon matters of common interest."

The work before us is not intended to be a compendium of international law, but an introduction to it. The object is thus stated:—

"To trace historically, how International Law has been cultivated as a science; to mark its proper sphere, and its different kinds or descriptions, ascertaining how far such distinctions are founded in fact; to investigate the sources, and growth, or accumulation and development of International Law; to review historically the more recent classifications of its component parts; and to suggest a less exceptional general arrangement of these component parts."

One half of the volume is occupied by an historical and critical review of the writers upon this subject, from the sixteenth century, when it first began to take a distinguishable form, down to the present day. This review is not without its uses to the student; but the nature of the inquiry makes it dry. The popular notion is, that Grotius was as much the father of the system, entitled the Law of Nations, as Zoroaster or Lycurgus of the codes designated by the names of those primæval lawgivers; and, in truth, the notion is not very far from being correct, for the meagre productions of Oldendorf, Vasquez, Suarez, and Albertus Gentilis, during the sixteenth century, detract but little from the fame of Grotius. The work of Albertus, who was Professor of Law at Oxford, although an Italian refugee, seems alone entitled to honourable consideration. A change in the practice of nations, during the century we speak of, was infinitely more operative than all the writers of that period, in maturing the system of international law. This interesting circumstance is thus noticed by the author:—

"The practice, and almost recognised right, of sending ambassadors, may be traced to the earliest and rudest ages of society; indeed, there could not otherwise be any mode of communication or intercourse between, or among, independent tribes, or nations. But this is very different from the custom now so universal in Europe, of the different sovereign states having public ministers permanently resident at the courts, or in the capitals of each other. This practice was unknown to the ancients. It appears to have been equally unknown to the modern less civilized nations of Asia, Africa, and America, so far as not emanating from Europe. It does not appear to have commenced, even in Europe, till the sixteenth century. \* \* \* When once introduced, the advantages of the practice could not fail to be felt, as facilitating measures for the general good, for the maintenance of a due balance of power, and for the protection of the weaker states against the aggressions of the stronger, and more ambitious."

Mr. Ward's eloquent *Eloge* of Grotius is too well known to be quoted. It is given here very appropriately, along with Condillac's acute criticism upon the '*De Jure Belli et Pacis*,' and Von Ompteda's analysis of that memorable work, which was to Gustavus Adolphus what the Iliad was to Alexander the Great; was taught as the public law of Europe in the University of Wir-

temburg, within thirty years after its first publication; and within twenty years more was universally established throughout Europe as the fountain-head of the law of nations.

The distinction between the natural law of nations, and the positive, is broad and important. The latter was still slower than the former in taking a scientific form.

"It was not, M. Schmalz remarks, till after the peace of Westphalia, that sufficient materials were accumulated for constructing the edifice of this science. Few of the learned then knew what principles the European governments followed, or how they applied them. But from that time, the increase in the number, and frequency of public journals, memoirs, and other periodical works, announcing in detail public transactions and events, in peace and in war, excited and diffused a more general interest in political and international affairs, and raised questions of right, of legality and illegality. The attention of nations came thus to be more directed to the principles of law, to what were recognised, and to what were denied or rejected. And the great step which was taken, during the period we have been contemplating, towards the formation of the science of positive international law, was the commencement and progress made in the accumulation of the materials, which constitute an important branch of that law. For we have to thank that age for the large collections of national conventions, treaties of peace, leagues, state papers, and written records in general, which serve as the foundation of the *jus gentium pactitum*."

The author's second chapter discusses the foundation of the science, and the mode of its study. Mr. Reddie does not hold with M. Schmalz, that the rules of morality, or *præcepta virtutum*, are not applicable to, or predicable of, nations. He more judiciously remarks,—

"There does not appear to be any sufficient or valid reason, why the rules of morality, confessedly applicable to men, as individuals, should not be held applicable to them also, in their collective capacity, as a people; and it seems sufficient, for the purpose of distinct investigation, to mark correctly the boundaries between the ethics, and the law of nations; and to hold, that the latter embraces only those rules of reciprocal intercourse, which admit of being enforced, and which, it is generally expedient, should be enforced."

The writer is, we think, successful in removing the rubbish of a great variety of divisions, some illogical, some frivolous, by which the science of the law of nations has been much encumbered and entangled. Having cleared the ground, he thus simply resolves the subject of discussion into its two great and obvious compartments:—

"Upon a review, therefore, of the different kinds or descriptions of international law enumerated by jurists, there seems to be no ground for distinguishing that law into any more kinds than two: First, the Natural, necessary and primary law of nations, resulting from the relations of these legal personages to each other—the collection as a whole, of the reciprocal rights and obligations of nations, which admit of being enforced, corresponding to those rights and obligations among individuals, which, in the private law of a state, or jurisprudence, are not declared *a priori* by legislative statute; but are held to exist at common law: Secondly, the Positive law of nations, as established by express treaties, upon the principle of universal justice and expediency, that *pacta sunt servanda*; or as established by long observed usages, corresponding to those internal usages of nations, which are recognised in jurisprudence, as part of the common law."

In opposition to Klüber and other German writers, Mr. Reddie considers the natural law of nations as the most important of the sources of European international law; and it appears to us that the following are strong grounds by which he supports this opinion:—

"Perhaps, however, the Germans generally, and particularly Martens and Klüber, have, in framing or constructing the science which they have denominated *Droit des gens moderne de l'Europe*, ascribed too much to express conventions or treaties, as sources

of this law. That treaties between, or among two or more nations, are binding *pro tempore* upon the contracting parties, and constitute the law between, or among them, in all matters embraced by the treaty, there can be no dispute. But beyond this, whether or not, or to what extent, if any, do such treaties go? Do they constitute international law with reference to nations who are not parties to them? For what period, too, when not specified, are such treaties binding even upon the contracting parties? Does a breach of the treaty on the part of one of the nations dissolve the conventional obligations undertaken by the other parties? What subsequent injurious conduct, if any, is sufficient to liberate either, or any of the contracting parties, from the reciprocal rights and obligations thus expressly recognised and undertaken by them?"

And further—

"In the same way, as general history appears to do, the treaties of particular nations with each other, as being the records of such events, may, beside the particular rights and obligations, thereby conferred or imposed, contribute indirectly to practical international law, by showing what matters and rules have been held as requiring particular stipulation, or as otherwise generally observed, under the influence of the natural or consuetudinary law of nations. But beyond this, the treaties among the different European nations do not appear to contribute to the general international law of Europe, or to constitute of themselves, component parts of that law, beyond the rights and obligations, which they bestow or impose on the contracting parties. Different nations, by agreeing in treaties upon certain modes of proceeding, do not thereby recognise these modes as part of the general existing law of nations. For, if they did so, there could be no occasion for special treaties, to modify, still less to declare, the already existing law. On the contrary, the necessity for the special treaty manifestly shows, that the particular rules, which it establishes by pactio, were not previously, and are not, part of the general existing law."

In the concluding division of this useful treatise, the author proposes a classification of the component parts of international law; arranging them under two heads—"General permanent legal attributes of nations," such as independent sovereignty, equality in point of right, &c. &c.; and "Particular and occasional legal attributes, or relations; including the rights of intercourse, negotiation, peace and war," &c. This classification follows in the main that of Klüber; whether it improves upon that classification where it departs from it we do not undertake to determine; but on the whole, we think, Mr. Reddie's views judicious, and consider his "Inquiries" a valuable introduction to a subject of vast range and immense importance.

Poems. By Alfred Tennyson. 2 vols. Moxon.

THE first volume is a reprint of the Poems heretofore published by Mr. Tennyson, and we cannot but express our regret at certain changes, clippings, omissions, and additions, which its contents have undergone. Grant that the expressions retrenched, the stanzas struck out, were but conceits, (which is anything but the case,) they were still part and parcel of the whole; and with them, it has lost a certain amount of substance and peculiar beauty. 'Fusty Christopher' and the 'Darling Room' have vanished; but we would rather have retained the pertness of the one, and the puerility of the other, than miss, as we do, the 'Deserted House,' one of the most simply impressive of its author's minor poems. We can sanction the change of "the daffodilly" in 'The Lady of Shalott'; but we cannot reconcile ourselves to the interpolations and alterations in 'The Miller's Daughter'; and in spite of its beautiful and holy feeling, we hold the appended conclusion to 'The May Queen' and the 'New Year's Eve,' to be as superfluous, as it is inferior, to those quaintly pathetic ballads.

Happily, though we are late in noticing Mr. Tennyson's new volume, neither critics, readers, nor author, will suffer from our delay or self-denial. Large as have been the quotations of our contemporaries, they have left still a treasury unrifled. We must,

however, briefly dissent from those who praise our poet as having emancipated himself from the crotchets which distinguished his earlier efforts. Though, as we have said, he has tried to remove a few, and thereby done some mischief, his new offerings supply as many as those he has expunged—the introduction to the fragment of the 'Morte d'Arthur,' the dialogue 'Walking to the Mail,' 'Amphion,' 'The Skippings-ropes,' and 'Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue,' may each be cited by those who possess little sympathy for the extravagancies of genius. But, those allowed for, the new volume is so thickly studded with evidences of manly force and exquisite tenderness—with feelings so true, and fancies so felicitous, clothed in a music often peculiar in its flow, but never cloying—as to substantiate Mr. Tennyson's claim to a high place among modern poets. Let us prove what we say by the extracts we shall offer. In selecting these we shall keep clear of 'Locksley Hall,' 'Godiva,' and other pieces, which have already become common property. As a specimen of power, we might refer to 'St. Simeon Stylites,' but we prefer taking our extracts from the 'Vision of Sin.' The dreamer at first looks upon an Epicurean revel;—but it is the "reckoning when the banquet's o'er," from which the following are drawn:—

I saw within my head  
A gray and gap-tooth'd man as lean as death,  
Who slowly rode across my wither'd heath,  
And lighted at a ruin'd inn, and said:

"Wrinkled oster, grim and thin!  
Here is custom, come your way,  
Take my brute, and let him in,  
Stuff his ribs with mouldy hay.

"Bitter barmald, waning fast!  
See that sheets are on my bed;  
What! the flower of life is past:  
It is long before you wed.

"Slip-shod waiter, lank and sour,  
At The Dragon on the heath!  
Let us have a quiet hour,  
Let us hob-and-nob with Death.

"I am old, but let me drink;  
Bring me spices, bring me wine  
I remember, when I think,  
That my youth was half divine.

"Wine is good for shrivell'd lips,  
When a blanket wraps the day,  
When the rotten woodland drips,  
And the leaf is stamp'd in clay.

"Sit thee down, and have no shame,  
Check by jowl, and knee by knee:  
What care I for any name?  
What for order or degree?

"Let me screw thee up a peg:  
Let me loose thy tongue with wine:  
Callest thou that thing a leg?  
Which is thinnest? thine or mine?

"Thou shalt not be saved by works:  
Thou hast been a sinner too:  
Ruin'd trunks on wither'd forks,  
Empty scarecrows, I and you!

"Fill the cup, and fill the can:  
Have a rouse before the morn:  
Every minute dies a man,  
Every minute one is born.

"We are men of ruin'd blood;  
Therefore comes it we are wise:  
Fish are we that love the mud,  
Rising to no fancy-flies.

"Name and fame! to fly sublime  
Thro' the courts, the camps, the schools,  
Is to be the bait of Time,  
Bandied in the hands of fools.

"Friendship!—to be two in one—  
Let the canting liar pack!  
Well I know when I am gone,  
How she mouths behind my back.

"Virtue!—to be good and just—  
Every heart, when sifted well,  
Is a clot of warmer dust,  
Mix'd with cunning sparks of hell.

"O! we two as well can look  
Whited thought and cleanly life  
As the priest, above his book  
Leering at his neighbour's wife.

"Fill the cup, and fill the can:  
Have a rouse before the morn:  
Every minute dies a man,  
Every minute one is born.

"Chant me now some wicked stave,  
Till thy drooping courage rise,  
And the glow-worm of the grave  
Glimmer in thy rheumy eyes.

"Fear not thou to loose thy tongue;  
Set thy hoary fancies free:  
What is loathsome to the young  
Savours well to thee and me.



"Change, reverting to the years,  
When thy nerves could understand  
What there is in loving tears,  
And the warmth of hand in hand.

"Tell me tales of thy first love—  
April hopes, the fools of chance;  
Till the graves begin to move,  
And the dead begin to dance.

"Fill the can, and fill the cup:  
All the windy ways of men  
Are but dust that rises up,  
And is lightly laid again.

"Trooping from their mouldy dens  
The chap-fallen circle spreads:  
Welcome, fellow-citizens,  
Hollow hearts and empty heads!"

The bitter strain we have just quoted, owes some of its strength to the lyrical power possessed by its author. In his gentler poems, his musical ear, and his cadenced language, tell with yet greater felicity. The following is a picture of many pictures; still the harmony of the rhyme exceeds the glow of the colouring:—

#### The Sleeping Palace.

The varying year with blade and sheaf  
Clothes and reclothes the happy plains;  
Here rests the sap within the leaf,  
Here stays the blood along the veins.  
Faint shadows, vapours lightly curl'd,  
Faint murmurs from the meadows come,  
Like hints and echoes of the world  
To spirits folded in the womb.

Soft lustre bathes the range of urns  
On every slanting terrace-lawn.  
The fountain to his place returns  
Deep in the garden lake withdrawn.  
Here droops the banner on the tower,  
On the hall-hearth the festal fires,  
The peacock in his laurel bower,  
The parrot in his gilded wires.

Roof-haunting martins warm their eggs:  
In these, in those the life is stay'd.  
The mantles from the golden pegs  
Drop sleepily: no sound is made,  
Not even of a snail that sings.  
More like a picture seemeth all  
Than those old portraits of old kings,  
That watch the sleepers from the wall.

Here sits the Butler with a flask  
Between his knees, half-drain'd; and there  
The wrinkled steward at his task.  
The maid-of-honour blooming fair:  
The page has caught her hand in his:  
Her lips are sever'd as to speak:  
His own are pout'd to a kiss:  
The blush is fix'd upon her cheek.

Till all the hundred summers pass,  
The beams, that through the Oriels shine,  
Make prisons in every carven glass,  
And beaker brim'd with noble wine.  
Each baron at the banquet sleeps,  
Grave faces gather'd in a ring.  
His state the king reposing keeps.  
He must have been a jolly king.

All round a hedge upshoots, and shows  
At distance like a little wood;  
Thorns, ivies, woodbine, mistletoes,  
And grapes with bunches red as blood;  
All creeping plants, a wall of green  
Close-matted, bur and brake and briar,  
And glimpsing over these, just seen,  
High up, the topmost palace-spire.

When will the hundred summers die,  
And thought and time be born again,  
And newer knowledge, drawing nigh,  
Bring truth that sways the soul of men?  
Here all things in their place remain,  
As all were order'd, ages since.  
Come, Care and Pleasure, Hope and Pain,  
And bring the fated fairy Prince.

#### The Sleeping Beauty.

Year after year unto her feet,  
She lying on her couch alone,  
Across the purpled coverlet,  
The maiden's jet-black hair has grown,  
On either side her tranced form  
Forth streaming from a braid of pearl:  
The slumbrous light is rich and warm,  
And moves not on the rounded curl.

The silk star-broider'd coverlid  
Unto her limbs itself doth mould  
Languidly ever; and amid  
Her full black ringlets downward roll'd,  
Grows forth each softly-shadow'd arm  
With bracelets of the diamond bright:  
Her constant beauty doth inform  
Stillness with love, and day with light.

She sleeps: her breathings are not heard  
In palace chambers far apart.  
The fragrant tresses are not stir'd  
That lie upon her charmed heart.  
She sleeps: on either hand upwells  
The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest:  
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells  
A perfect form in perfect rest.

#### The Arrival.

All precious things, discover'd late,  
To those that seek them issue forth,  
For love in sequel works with fate,  
And draws the veil from hidden worth.  
He travels far from other skies—  
His mantle glitters on the rocks—  
A fairy Prince with joyful eyes,  
And lighter-footed than the fox.

The bodies and the bones of those  
That strove in other days to pass,  
Are wither'd in the thorny close,  
Or scatter'd bleaching in the grass.  
He gazes on the silent dead:  
"They perish'd in their daring deeds."  
This proverb flashes thro' his head,  
"The many fail: the one succeeds."

He comes, scarce knowing what he seeks:  
He breaks the edge: he enters there:  
The colour flies into his cheeks:  
He trusts to light on something fair;  
For all his life the charm did talk  
About his path, and hover near  
With words of promise in his walk,  
And whisper'd voices in his ear.  
More close and close his footsteps wind;  
The magic music in his heart  
Beats quick and quicker, till he find  
The quiet chamber far apart.  
His spirit flutters like a lark,  
He stoops—to kiss her—on his knee.  
"Love, if thy tresses be so dark,  
How dark those hidden eyes must be!"

#### The Revival.

A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt.  
There rose a noise of striking clocks,  
And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,  
And barking dogs, and crowing cocks.  
A fuller light illumined all,  
A breeze thro' all the garden swept,  
A sudden hubbub shook the hall,  
And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The edge broke in, the banner blew,  
The butler drank, the steward scrawl'd,  
The fire shot up, the martins flew,  
The parrot scream'd, the peacock squall'd,  
The maid and page renew'd their strife,  
The palace bang'd, and buzz'd and clack'd,  
And all the long-pent stream of life  
Dash'd downward in a cataract.

And last of all the king awoke,  
And in his chair himself uprear'd  
And yawn'd, and rubb'd his face, and spoke,  
"By holy rood, a royal beard!  
How say you? we have slept, my lords.  
My beard has grown into my lap."  
The barons swore with many words,  
'Twas but an after-dinner's nap.

"Pardy," return'd the king, "but still  
My joints are something stiff or so.  
My lord, and shall we pass the bill  
I mention'd half an hour ago?"  
The chancellor, sedate and vain,  
In courteous words return'd reply;  
But dallied with his golden chain,  
And smiling, put the question by.

#### The Departure.

And on her lover's arm she leant,  
And round her waist she felt it fold,  
And far across the hills they went  
In that new world which is the old:  
Across the hills, and far away  
Beyond their utmost purple rim,  
And deep into the dying day  
The happy princes follow'd him.

"I'd sleep another hundred years,  
O love, for such another kiss!"  
"O wake for ever, love," she hears,  
"O love, 'twas such as this and this."  
And o'er them many a sliding star,  
And many a merry wind was borne,  
And stream'd thro' many a golden bar,  
The twilight melted into morn.

"O eyes long laid in happy sleep!"  
"O happy sleep, that lightly fled!"  
"O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!"  
"O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"  
And o'er them many a flowing range  
Of vapour buoy'd the crescent-bark,  
And, rapt thro' many a rosy change,  
The twilight died into the dark.

"A hundred summers! can it be?  
And whither goest thou, tell me where?"  
"O seek my father's court with me,  
For there are greater wonders there."  
And o'er the hills, and far away  
Beyond their utmost purple rim,  
Beyond the night, across the day,  
Through all the world she follow'd him.

We need hardly point to the musical close of the legend. Mr. Tennyson in these new poems asserts his claim to be crowned as chief of the modern *minnesingers*. There have been few love-verses comparable to his since Coleridge's 'Genevieve;' or that

universal passion could hardly have become so completely "anathema" to the modern school of writers—who will reason, aye, and rhyme their reason, as if there was no magic in Beauty, no blessedness in Youth;—nought but "sinful fantasy" in those golden moments of existence,

—when meadow, grove, and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight,  
To us did seem  
Apparelled in celestial light.

The following verses from 'The Talking Oak,' are distinguished by a purity and delicate fancy, which must exempt them from the charge of puerility, often, and not unjustly, brought against rhymes on a like subject:

Hail, hidden to the knees in fern,  
Broad Oak of Summer-chace.  
Whose topmost branches can discern  
The roofs of Summer-place!  
Say thou, whereon I carved her name,  
If ever maid or spouse,  
As fair as my Olivia, came  
To rest beneath thy boughs.—

"O Walter, I have shelter'd here  
Whatever maiden grace  
The good old Summers, year by year,  
Made ripe in Summer-chace:

"And I have shadow'd many a group  
Of beauties, that were born  
In tea-cup times of hood and hoop,  
Or while the patch was worn:

"And, leg and arm with love-knots gay,  
About me leap'd and laugh'd  
The madish Cupid of the day,  
And shrill'd his tinsel shaft.

"I swear (and else may insects prick  
Each leaf into a gall)  
This girl, for whom your heart is sick,  
Is three times worth them all;

"For those and theirs, by Nature's law,  
Have faded long ago;  
But in these latter springs I saw  
Your own Olivia blow,

"From when she gamboll'd on the greens,  
A baby-germ to when  
The maiden blossoms of her teens  
Could number five from ten.

"I swear, by leaf, and wind, and rain,  
(And hear me with thine ears),  
That, tho' I circle in the grain  
Five hundred rings of years—

"Yet, since I first could cast a shade,  
Did never creature pass  
So slightly, musically made,  
So light upon the grass:

"For as to fairies, that will flit  
To make the greenwarden fresh,  
I hold them exquisitely anit,  
But far too spare of flesh."

Oh, hide thy knotted knees in fern,  
And overlook the chace;  
And from thy topmost branch discern  
The roofs of Summer-place.

But thou, whereon I carved her name,  
That oft hast heard my vows,  
Declare when last Olivia came  
To sport beneath thy boughs.

"O yesterday, you know, the fair  
Was holden at the town;  
Her father left his good arm-chair,  
And rode his hunter down.

"And with him Albert came on his,  
I look'd at him with joy:  
As cowslip unto oxlip is,  
So seems she to the boy."

"An hour had past—and, sitting straight  
Within the low-wheel'd chaise,  
Her mother trundled to the gate  
Behind the dappled grays.

"But, as for her, she staid at home,  
And on the roof she went,  
And down the way you use to come  
She look'd with discontent.

"Then ran she, gamesome as the colt,  
And livelier than a lark  
She sent her voice through all theholt  
Before her, and the park.

"A light wind chased her on the wing,  
And in the chase grew wild,  
As close as might be would he cling  
About the darling child:

"But light as any wind that blows  
So fleetly did she stir,  
The flower, she touch'd on, dipt and rose,  
And turn'd to look at her.

"And here she came, and round me play'd,  
And sang to me the whole  
Of those three stanzas that you made  
About my 'giant bole'."

"And in a fit of frolic mirth  
She strove to span my waist:  
Alas, I was so broad of girth,  
I could not be embraced.

"I wish'd myself the fair young beech  
That here beside me stands,  
That round me, clasping each in each,  
She might have lock'd her hands.

"Yet seem'd the pressure thrice as sweet  
As woodbine's fragile hold,  
Or when I feel about my feet  
The berried briony fold."

O muffle round thy knees with fern,  
And shadow Summer-chase!  
Long may thy topmost branch discern  
The roofs of Summer-place!

But tell me, did she read the name  
I carved with many vows  
When last with throbbing heart I came  
To rest beneath thy boughs?

O yes, she wander'd round and round  
These knotted knees of mine,  
And found, and kiss'd the name she found,  
And sweetly murmur'd thine.

"A teardrop trembled from its source,  
And down my surface crept  
My sense of touch is something coarse,  
But I believe she wept.

"Then flush'd her cheek with rosy light,  
She glanced across the plain;  
But not a creature was in sight:  
She kiss'd me once again.

"Her kisses were so close and kind,  
That, trust me on my word,  
Hard wood I am, and wrinkled rind,  
But yet my sap was stirr'd:

"And even into my inmost ring  
A picaresque I discern'd,  
Like those blind motions of the Spring,  
That show the year is turn'd."

"Thrice-happy he that may caress  
The ringlet's waving balm—  
The cushions of whose touch may press  
The maiden's tender palm."

\* \* \*

O flourish high, with leafy towers,  
And overlook the lea,  
Pursue thy loves among the bowers,  
But leave thou mine to me.

O flourish, hidden deep in fern,  
Old oak, I love thee well;  
A thousand thanks for what I learn  
And what remains to tell.

"Tis little more: the day was warm;  
At last, tired out with play,  
She sank her head upon her arm,  
And at my feet she lay.

"Her eyelids dropp'd their silken eaves.  
I breathed upon her eyes  
Thro' all the summer of my leaves  
A welcome mix'd with sighs.

"I took the swarming sound of life—  
The music from the town—  
The whispers of the drum and fife,  
And lull'd them in my own.

"Sometimes I let a sunbeam slip  
To light her shaded eye;  
A second flutter'd round her lip  
Like a golden butterfly;

"A third would glimmer on her neck  
To make the necklace shine;  
Another slid, a sunny fleck,  
From head to ankle fine.

"Then close and dark my arms I spread,  
And shadow'd all her rest—  
Dropt dew upon her golden head,  
An acorn in her breast.

"But in a pet she started up,  
And pluck'd it out, and drew  
My little oakling from the cup,  
And flung him in the dew.

"And yet it was a graceful gift—  
I felt a pang within  
As when I see the woodman lift  
His axe to slay my kin.

"I shook him down because he was  
The finest on the tree.  
He lies beside thee on the grass.  
O kiss him once for me."

There was no resisting the elegance and tenderness of these stanzas; but they have led us to lengths so little contemplated at the outset, that we must close the book which they adorn, without further observation.

*Letter to Lord Aberdeen on the State of the Schools of Chemistry in the United Kingdom.*  
By W. Gregory, M.D. Taylor & Walton.

This valuable pamphlet, on a subject of great national importance, should be in the hands both of professed statesmen, and of manufacturers; there are in it some interesting details on the

expansive influence of science on manufactures, which will also repay the trouble of perusal to many beyond the circle of those immediately engaged with the practical inferences. Those, more particularly, who entertain a comfortable prejudice concerning the flourishing condition of chemistry in these countries, founded on the space it occupies in book advertisements, and on the prospectuses of lectures, will be surprised to learn that at home "hardly any students have the advantage of a tolerably competent education in chemistry, except the few who act as assistants to our professors;" and that "any one who wishes to become practically familiar with the processes employed in organic analysis must go either to Paris, to Berlin, to Göttingen or to Giessen, where he will see all these important operations hourly practised." The immediate object of Dr. Gregory's letter is to invite Lord Aberdeen to forward governmental outlays and endowments, for the purpose of removing from the professors the burden of providing for certain processes in teaching analysis, which is sufficiently onerous effectually to prevent the teacher from engaging in a most essential branch of chemical tuition. With a design of bringing this desideratum more perfectly within the purview of statecraft, Dr. Gregory commences with some curious statements of the influence which the application of science to the manufacture of sulphuric acid (whereby its price has been reduced), has exerted in advancing the manufactures of the country.

There is in this succinct history so much curious fact, that we must abridge it for the benefit of our readers. The first impetus to improvement in the manufacture of sulphuric acid was given by the increased demand for soda: that substance being obtainable from common salt by a process in which the acid plays an important part. After a short explanation, Dr. Gregory continues:—

"Sulphuric acid has become a matter of national importance, were it only on account of its use in making soda; that alkali is now sold in a state of perfect purity, and at a wonderfully low price; so low, indeed, as almost to have put an end to the use of potash. The quality of glass and soap has been very much improved, and their price greatly diminished; the consumption of both articles has naturally increased in a corresponding ratio. Wood ashes, no longer in demand to nearly the same extent as formerly for manufactures, must also fall in price, and will soon be employed as one of the most powerful manures for our wheat fields. \* \* But this is not all; and although it is impossible here to follow out all the ramifications of this remarkable branch of industry, I cannot refrain from pointing out one or two of its immediate results, which have not yet been adverted to. Sea salt, in order to yield soda, must first be converted into sulphate of soda; now, in acting on the salt for this purpose with sulphuric acid, an enormous quantity of muriatic acid is produced, which, in the earlier periods of the manufacture of soda from salt, was thrown away as worthless, so great were the profits realized on the soda; but muriatic acid contains chlorine, and no other compound of chlorine yields that body more easily or more cheaply than muriatic acid. \* \* It was soon found that, by combining the chlorine with lime, it might be obtained in a solid form (bleaching powder), capable of transportation to any distance; hence arose a new and lucrative manufacture, of such importance, that it may safely be asserted, that, but for the discovery of the bleaching powder, the cotton manufactures of Britain would never have attained their present development: nay more, had the British manufacturers been tied down to the old method of bleaching, they could not long have competed, in the price of cottons, with France or Germany. To bleach in the old style, the first requisite is land, and that good and well exposed meadow land. The cloth must be exposed for several weeks, and that only during summer, to sun and air, and must besides be constantly watered by hand. Now, a single manufactory, of moderate size, near Glasgow, bleaches, on the new system, on an average, 1,400 pieces of cloth daily

throughout the year. Let us only consider what an amount of capital would be required merely to rent the land necessary for bleaching in the old manner this enormous quantity of cloth, in the vicinity of a large city. Let us reflect on the time and labour that would be indispensable, and we shall soon perceive that, with such burdens, the British manufacturer could not compete with his rivals on the continent, where vast tracts of fine meadow land might be had, distant from any great city, at a far cheaper rate, and in a more sunny climate. The superiority of our machinery would thus be in a great measure neutralized, were it not for the manufacture of bleaching powder, which in its turn depends on those of sulphuric acid and of soda."

It is scarcely possible for the most acute pursuit of inference, unassisted by practical experience, to trace the whole consequence of this single improvement upon the entire sphere of British manufacture, finance, and political prosperity. But it is easy to perceive that without such scientific aid, the many remaining combinations of spinning-jennies, steam-engines, and power-looms, would have been all but lost to the nation. Manufacture is, indeed, only a practical series of syllogisms; and one link of the reasoning being dropped, the whole argument falls to the ground. What follows, though less striking, is scarcely of inferior consequence:—

"Another important use to which the muriatic acid produced in the soda manufacture, and formerly thrown away, is now applied, is that of preparing cheap and superior glue from bones. Bones consist of bone earth and glue; the former is readily dissolved by diluted muriatic acid, while the latter is left, and has only to be dissolved in warm water to be ready for use. The acid solution of the bone earth, on the other hand, promises to be an admirable form of using that earth as manure. Professor Liebig, in his late valuable work on Agricultural Chemistry, has recommended this application. At present, the solution in question is thrown away as useless in the glue manufactories. The last application of sulphuric acid which I shall here mention is a very recent one, and owes its origin to one of the most scientific chemists of the day, M. Gay-Lussac. It consists in its employment, in the refining or purification of silver. \* \* Raw silver was formerly refined by cupellation, a process which cost about 35s. for 50 lb. of silver. The gold contained in the silver would not repay the expense of extracting it, and was therefore allowed to remain, and to circulate in the silver, absolutely worthless. But by means of sulphuric acid, cupellation is avoided; the silver is refined at a most trifling cost, and the gold is obtained by the same operation: nay, even the copper, which was formerly lost, is now preserved; and although the gold only amounts to from 1/100th to 1/200th of the weight of the silver, yet as its value is about 1 1/2 per cent. of that of the silver, it not only repays the whole expense of refining, but leaves a clear profit to the refiners. This beautiful application of chemistry has given rise to the singular and apparently anomalous result, that the seller of raw silver receives from the mint the exact quantity of pure silver which his alloy, on being tested, is found to contain, and likewise the whole amount of the copper present in the alloy, thus apparently paying nothing for the process of refining. The refiner is paid by the gold which he retains, and which was formerly lost to every one."

The foregoing illustration has, probably, been chosen by Dr. Gregory for its extreme simplicity; but it misses, in some degree, the pith of his conclusion. His professed object being to promote a more extensive cultivation of that special branch of chemistry which relates to organic substances, the influence of that branch on arts and manufactures seems to require more direct and ample illustration than has been bestowed on it. The bearing of chemical science on the endless variety of manufactures in which organic substances are employed, is unknown in its full extent, even by the manufacturers themselves. To present this to the popular imagination, it may be stated that all organized sub-



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stances, whether vegetable or animal, however varied their external appearance, or sensible qualities,—the flesh and the grass, the poison and the esculent,—consist of a very few chemical elements; that of these, four, oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen, play the principal part. Now, however imperfect the present state of the art, enough has been done to warrant a presumption, that, in relation to organic products, everything may, in theory, be made of everything; price only forming a practical obstacle, where the requisite knowledge exists. Thus, sugar, maccilage, wine, vinegar, æther, &c. are mere quantitative differences of the same elements. The French, having extracted sugar from the beet root, propose manufacturing paper from the residue; but rags and paper, on the other hand, may be converted into sugar, and they would be, were not the process too costly for economic use. Independently, however, of theory, enough has been done in this department to prove that in its relation to the arts, organic chemistry is immeasurably important; so that it is difficult for the coolest reason to set bounds to the possible advantages to be imagined from the progress of discovery. To say nothing of endless discoveries in the prevention of waste, in the exploiting of new substances, and in the abridgment and amelioration of operations, nothing less than a total revolution may be looked for in agriculture, to the manifold increase of food from a given quantity and quality of land;—nay, even a chemical manufacture of the proximate vegetable elements is not beyond the sphere of possibility, independently of the soil. From the manuring of the earth, to the baking of the bread, and the brewing of the beer, the whole line of industry is but a series of chemical operations: and what boundary can be assigned to the amount of improvement, which a greater knowledge of organic chemistry may carry with it, in every separate step? Next to a corresponding improvement of the several departments of moral science, there is no subject of more vital and pressing importance to the whole of society, than that in question. Whether Dr. Gregory's instrument of improvement be or be not the one thing needful, we will not now pause to inquire: but the pamphlet itself cannot be too widely diffused.

**Commercial Tariffs and Regulations of the several States of Europe and America: France.** Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.

Mr. Macgregor, of the Board of Trade, is putting forth a series of folio statements respecting the industrial and commercial condition and laws of "the several States of Europe and America." This useful work is unhappily entitled, "Commercial Tariffs and Regulations,"—topics with which two-thirds of the Part before us has little to do. Now there is nothing at which the public more instinctively shudders than a tariff; a thing inseparably associated in everybody's mind with interminable columns of microscopic figures, touching duties on articles of varying interest from bristles to bullocks, and all the gradations of protection afforded by the wisdom of Boards of Trade, from imposts on bread to prohibitions on meat. They who are curious in such matters, and desire to appreciate the relative sagacity of the several States on these wise and weighty points of policy, will derive information from those folios. But the general reader will find much more than this. He will find what he would not be led to look for in volumes so repulsively labelled, namely, a fund of condensed and interesting facts, throwing light on the common weal, and the great characteristics of the countries they treat of, in respect to their productions, industry, and commerce. This treatise on France is a synopsis in itself, and therefore, except as to tabular matter, renders any comprehensive condensation of its contents impracticable. We shall glance merely at the chief points of interesting instruction.

Though inferior to England in mineral and maritime capacities, Mr. Macgregor estimates the natural riches of France more highly; and classes her first among all countries in the possession of natural advantages.

The AGRICULTURE of France is far inferior to that of many other parts of Europe, and yet the fertility of her soil adds the maize, the olive, the vine, the mulberry tree, and flax, to all the vegetable productions of England. Legislative restrictions are assigned as the cause of the inferiority of the husbandry, as well as of the breed and numbers of cattle in France. Under the ancient regime the less productive provinces had prohibitions on the admission of corn from their more productive neighbours; the principle of protection being interwoven into the internal relations of the country under the jurisdiction of *seneschals* and *baillies*, who had local monopolies in buying and selling, and circulating grain, first granted, we believe, under the regency of Mary de Medicis. These laws were removed in the latter part of the reign of Louis XVI. The production of corn might be immensely increased in France, but for the duties on iron, which greatly restrict improvement in agricultural implements. This protecting duty on iron, imposed in 1821, affects agriculture to the amount of 49,000,000 francs per annum, as estimated by M. Annison. Out of 34,355,000 acres sown with grain in France, 13,808,000 produce wheat enough to supply 54 bushels per head per annum of the population, which is about 33 millions. All the other grains included, it will amount to 11j. The quantity of grain and flour imported into France has averaged one day and four hours consumption per annum; the importation has been to the exportation as 5 is to 3. In 1840 France imported and consumed no less than 44,450,000 francs in value, of foreign corn and flour. There follows, after some statistics on the above-named points, a curious chronological table of the prices of wheat, and contemporary facts in the history of the world. The variations in price are astonishing; but as neither the introduction of Italian dresses, the wars of the Roses in England, the termination of the Eastern Empire in the fifteenth century, nor Madame de Maintenon, nor even the Jesuits in the reign of Louis Quatorze, had any particular effect on the prices of wheat in the years opposite which these personages and events are recorded, we do not exactly see the wit or purpose of this original mode of relieving the dryness of a corn table. The live cattle in France, in proportion to population, have been latterly decreasing. From 1830 to 1840 the number of head of cattle has increased from 9 to nearly 10 millions, and of sheep from 29 to 39 millions, giving on the whole period more cows and sheep, but fewer bulls, oxen, and calves, in proportion to population. The weight of cattle has decreased. The decreased consumption of meat is very striking between 1820 and 1840. Of beef and veal it is 7.3 per cent., of mutton 13.10 per cent., being 9 per cent. decrease to each inhabitant! It appears that this decrease is most remarked in the largest towns. The prices of live cattle and sheep are represented as having gradually increased about 50 per cent. since 1822.

**WINES.**—The value of the present produce of the vines of France is about 24,000,000l. sterling. The whole annual produce amounts to 924 million gallons, about half of which is consumed in the country, equal to about 18 gallons per individual per annum. The growers and vineyard labourers number 1,800,000. The wines are classed according to the THREE GREAT VINE VALLEYS whence they spring.

1. The valleys of the Garonne, Charente, and Adour.

These are the Bordelais wines, ranking among which, for excellence of bouquet and flavour, are the three Chateaux—Margaux, Lafitte, and Latour, of which Haut Brion, in a slightly less degree, shares the reputation. The produce of these four famous vineyards does not exceed an average of 450 tuns, or 100,000 English gallons, though far more than that amount is sold under the name of those vineyards of France alone. They sell for 2,400 to 3,000 francs per tun. Then come class the second, comprising Rauzan, Léoville, Degorse, La Rose, and six more wines still less known; for all these are sold under the names of the various first class wines they most

resemble. They produce about 850 tuns. They fetch from 2,000 to 2,200 francs per tun. The third class comprises the several growths of the Cantenac and Margaux vineyards, Chateau d'Issan, Mont Rose, Malescot, La Noir, Bergeron, &c., yielding 1,100 tuns, at 1,700 francs. A fourth class follows, headed by the well-known wine St. Julien, and the produce of the vast vineyards of St. Estephe Pauliac, &c., fetching 1,200 or 1,500 francs per tun. There are inferior qualities sometimes, ranking as a separate and fifth class of the same description, sold at 700 or 800 francs per tun. All these wines of the fourth and fifth classes amount to about 2,400 tuns per annum, and, together with the foregoing ones, go by the name of Claret. "Even in France," adds the Report, "the fifth class is sold in the towns as Lafitte, Chateau Margaux," &c. These towns, we should apprehend, were probably on the high road from Calais to Paris, and the purchasers exceedingly green Englishmen. That no wines either of the fourth or fifth class can possibly deceive any palate once acquainted with the authentic aroma, and no less peculiar than exquisite bouquet of the first class clarets, is a fact we should have supposed to be well known at the Board of Trade. The *vins ordinaires* are materially the same as the fourth and fifth classes, the difference arising more from the want of capital, it appears, than from inferiority of vine; which renders it an object to obtain quantity rather than to attain perfection of quality. The ordinary wines are, however, says the Report, "often a sound and generous beverage." They are eminently so, and from the roughness of the flavour, and comparative strength, we believe them to be better adapted to the general English palate than the finer and thinner clarets, to which a spurious body is given by means of the various adulterations which spoil and strengthen it for the English table. The variations of vintages are extremely great. In 1837 the Gironde yielded 2,213,000 hectolitres, and in the following year only 1,149,000.

Allusion is occasionally made to the slight knowledge of, and still slighter justice done to many very excellent wines in France, owing to the want of enterprise and capital to furnish transit. Here again we find the effect of the monopoly of the ironmasters and the forest lords, for we forgot to state before, that one very potential reason for maintaining the impost on foreign iron, is the desire to protect the charcoal interest, which cannot live apart from the forges. To these two sections of industry every interest in France is sacrificed, to which cheap transit or machinery is an essential of success. Among the vineyards thus suffering are those of the Bordelais and the two Charentes; "no French citizens," it is said, "have suffered so greatly by the effects of restrictive commercial legislation," as the distillers and vine growers of these districts. The wines of the former, and the brandies of the latter of these districts, are alike excellent. Among the former rank St. Emilion, and the white wine called Graves, fetching sometimes as much as 3,000 francs per tun.

2. The second grand division comprehends the wines of the Rhone and Saône, which rivers give their names to the vine valleys through which they flow. We are glad to find an old favourite, which we discovered in our last southern ramble in France, duly noticed by Mr. Macgregor. "The wines called Arsaures, though little known in Paris, are celebrated in the place of growth for a slight strawberry aroma, and as a fine *liqueur*, as well as for something approaching in taste to that of a mild old sherry wine." The sweet white wines of Frontignac, Lunel, &c., are of the same district, and so are the strong wines called Roussillon of Languedoc, very extensively used, by the way, to give body to claret for the English market. Along the entire range of the Rhone vineyards abound, teeming with vines of the richest quality; among which ranks the delicious and delicate St. Peray, a wine enjoyable only where it grows, for its effervescent spirit renders it difficult of transport. Then come the wines of the Lyon district, termed *Benojolais*, and more southerly the famous wines of the Hermitage, owing their original excellence to the skilful and minute care of the reverend monks. They consist of twelve classes, of which the *Mas de Greffieux* and *Mas de Meal* are of eminent reputation. These wines are too sweet when drunk new, but attain a fit state for consumption

after the fifth year, becoming mellowed and mellifluous, and retaining their peculiar flavour nearly till the thirtieth year. They should be kept long in wood. White Hermitage, of which the produce does not exceed 7,200 gallons, is the best white wine in France, "rich in taste, brisk, delicious,—and to this alone attaches the aroma of the flower of almonds and of violet. It has been known to be kept, without deterioration, for a century." It will be satisfactory to the purchasers of Hermitage to learn, that whilst the entire produce of these celebrated vintages does not exceed 2,200 hectolitres, more than 50,000 are sold under that name! The fact is, that the real merit and authentic character of French wines is next to unknown in England.

The Burgundies—"a brilliant and noble family of wines"—next figure in the catalogue; and we do not wonder that under the inspiration of so animating a topic, the Board of Trade itself verges on the poetical. The Clos Vougeot, the most celebrated of the Burgundy wines, is, it seems, owing to carelessness in the manufacture, somewhat on the wane: but Chamberlain, Nuits, Pomard, Volnay, and Romance maintain the eminence of their ancient repute. The produce of the whole of this Rhone region, and of the vine valleys disgoring their rivers into the Mediterranean, amounts to 9,401,000 hectolitres of wine, or about 206,000,000 imperial gallons.

3. The third vine valley, watered by the beautiful Loire, produces a class of wines which, with all due deference to the *couleur de rose* in which they are adorned by the Report, possess little superiority either of flavour or colour. In the latter respect, some of the red wines of the neighbourhood of Tours have at least the merit of peculiarity, tinging the glass with something repulsively similar to a purple dye. We detect no other merit recorded of these wines (save the easy convertibility of that of Loiret into vinegar, which we have no reason to question) but that of a discovery of Count Odart, near Tours; who has perfected a wine "said to rival the finest Madeira," made of grapes half-dried on the vines, and to which he has given the very felicitous name of *Vin de Paille*. Nearly seven million hectolitres are produced of this entire class of wines.

To the fourth class of the vine valleys, bordering the Yonne, the Seine, and the Marne, belongs the parentage of the Champagnes, confined, however, chiefly to the district of the Marne. Here, again, the English purchaser of this costly luxury has the consolation of hearing that so inordinate is the thirst of Europe for "this enologic glory of France," and "most French of liquids," that as mankind cannot resist Champagne, neither can base caterers for mankind resist the temptation of adulterating the one and cheating the other. "Unhappily," says M. Le Clerc, "the real Champagne wine is difficult to find. The general late preference for sparkling wines has led many fine growers to *champagner* their white wines. \* \* Millions of bottles of this fictitious Champagne being sold at a low price, the vineyard proprietors of the Champagne country suffer greatly from the competition." Alas for the enologic glory of France, and all that is "most *gracieux*, gay, lively, and popular in liquids"! It is, however, a melancholy truth; and floods of sham Champagne are being bottled and disseminated! Ay and Sillery, however, still supply a modicum of reward to the acumen and research of the veritable connoisseur, and the Marnes alone dispatch above 13 million gallons of the genuine and "most French of liquids" as a sip for mankind. There are minor members of the same family of *gracieux* grapes which it is less important to note.

A fifth and last class is formed by the Rhenish and Moselle wines, producing some 53 or 54 million gallons.

The protective system, it is alleged, has strangled the commerce in wines, and materially tended to adulterate them. This latter evil is, however, attributable chiefly to the Octroi duty, which is levied at each town on all wine entering it. It leads, moreover, to the habit among workmen of leaving their homes and going into the suburbs of towns, where abarets are established expressly to avoid the Octroi duty; and where habits of idleness and debauchery are engendered.

From whatever cause resulting, the fabrication of French wines has been materially increasing of late.

One of the most startling passages in the Report is the following: "From nearly all the wine districts of France representations of distress are poured into Paris during each session of the legislative chambers, and all attribute their distress to legislative restriction." If France suffers from non-restricted exportation, we suffer from its restricted importation into England. The healthful and light character of the French wines, and their antiphlogistic qualities, render it desirable that the taste for them should be increased by every means. We believe a claret beverage to be an admirable antidote to whatever is mentally sluggish or bodily obese. But the liking for these wines does not increase. From a mass of figures we deduce the fact, that though 1,207,000 gallons of French wine were entered for home consumption in the United Kingdom during the three years ending with 1838, only 1,096,000 gallons were consumed during the succeeding three years, ending with 1841. Here is a decrease in the consumption of imported French wines of above 9 per cent. During the same period there has been an increased consumption of other wines; of which the consumption is 18 times greater than that of claret on the average. From 1787 to 1792 the consumption of French wines in this country was very nearly double what it is now. The importation of wines from France fell off from the commencement of the Republic, and revived in 1825, but they have never recovered their former popularity in England.

The Beet Root speculation appears to be fast lapsing into the decay incidental to all kinds of industry bolstered up by high protecting duties. These were reduced in 1841, and the number of establishments have decreased. A table is given, showing the amount of cultivation, &c.; but since this table contains no mention of the period to which it refers, it is wholly useless,—an instance of the great carelessness which occasionally portrays itself in the emanations from the Board of Trade.

The importation of colonial sugars into France has remained stationary at from 75 to 85 millions of kilogrammes. That from foreign colonies has increased from 655,000 kils. in 1839, to 11 millions in 1841. It is about 10 per cent. cheaper than that of the French colonies, which has consequently a high protecting duty. Her colonies are therefore no slight expense to all sugar eaters, who happen to be everybody, except the poorest peasants, in France.

The Tobacco of France is rather on the increase; 12, 11, and 13 million kilogrammes, represent the progress of sales from 1820 to 1837, and the respective prices were as 64, 67, and 81 million francs. What they were in 1841, it requires an uninviting calculation to decipher; Mr. Macgregor having begun his statement by the quantities of *metralligrammes sold*, and concluded it with that of the metrical quintals produced. The English acres growing tobacco in France are stated as 1,966,21, and the produce is given as 178,557 cwt. This branch of industry is a rigid government monopoly. In 1837 the cost was 22, and the sale amounted to no less than 81 million francs odd; a net profit of 268 per cent!

The exportation of Oil-cakes has increased very rapidly, having more than doubled itself; both in price and quantity, since 1837. This increase would be the natural result of a reduction of the export duty from 2 francs to 25 centimes, stated by Mr. Macgregor to have been made in 1826, which we believe to be a blunder for 1836.

Coal is a subordinate article of consumption, but has increased in the ratio of 6, 9, 12, 15, 21 and 25 million quintals from 1814 to 1840. The departments of Noir and the Loire supply more than half the coal of France.

Bad iron is the curse of the commerce of France: to protect the mining and the forest interests, as we have already stated, there are restrictions, palsying all her energies, and withholding from her one of the levers of England. During the three years ending 1839, the quantity of the smelted ore has increased only from 3,084,000 to 3,502,000 metrical quintals. The Woollen and Cotton Manufactures of France appear to be making some slight advance. There has been a diminished exportation of the fine cloths, and an increased exportation of the heavier cloths since 1820, the total value having increased from 1,709,000l. to 2,444,000l.

In Cotton Manufactures, there has been a larger progress than we were prepared to expect; the wool consumed having increased greatly within a few years. In addition to this, a very great portion of the muslins are made of smuggled yarn, which is consigned direct from England to Switzerland, passing through France with the Custom House seal on the packages, and, on its arrival in Switzerland, regularly smuggled back again into France. At Tarare there are large book-muslin establishments largely supplied in this manner with the yarn they use.

No statistics of importation into France are of the least value, owing to the enormous extent of the contraband trade. The seizures made are considerable; so much so that they are enumerated in no less than 24 distinct classes. Smuggling, says the Report, is chiefly carried on by organized associations. On the frontiers, dogs and horses (but chiefly dogs) are the carriers; premiums are paid annually for shooting or taking the dogs so employed, and many are shot or taken; but as there is no decrease in the number, it is evident the contraband trade will continue, so long as high duties and prohibitions render smuggling, with all its risks and penalties, still profitable. The insurances on the introduction by sea, are at higher rates than by land, and the risks consequently greater. English manufactures are smuggled in bales packed so as to contain about 50l. worth, and weighing from 70lb. to 80lb. Regular depôts of smuggled goods are established at St. Quentin, Cambrai, Ypres, &c. Here the goods are generally stamped with the name of some French manufacturer, to deceive the Custom Houses. There is an established corps of smugglers with a manager, who arranges every transaction, receiving from 20 to 30 francs for the men actually employed, and 5 francs per package for himself. There are no less than three lines of Custom Houses, and the "filtration" through these is the province of the smuggler as soon as the goods are safely through the Custom House cordon. A curious instance of the trickeries to which Custom House tariffs often give rise, is related of the Belgian sugar duties, which give a premium on the exportation of refined sugars. The result has been, that the same sugar is exported again and again, being smuggled back for the express purpose of obtaining the premium on exportation. A large portion of the sugar, tea, coffee, and tobacco, and other heavy colonial produce used along the frontier of France and Belgium, are contraband. Above 20,000 men are employed by the French Government, to prevent smuggling. Mr. Blanqui estimates that one-half only would suffice, were the duties more moderate.

The Savings Banks have flourished greatly in France, the deposits having increased from 37 to 171 million francs in five years. The average deposits of each depositor amount to 550 francs = 22l., clearly showing that a class above working men mainly resort to these institutions in France.

Both the total exportations of French goods, and the importations of foreign goods into France, are on the increase: and to the latter have to be added, of course, the amount of contraband imports.

The work before us abounds in typographical errors, and, in some instances, in a bad arrangement of the subject. We have, for example, the Statistics of Revenue, &c. at the beginning, and the Statistics of Trade, at the end, separated by a mass of matter on Laws, Treaties, Agriculture, &c.; many of them having no reference whatever to Statistics, or to one another; whilst the Condition of Labourers, Licence duties, and Expenses of Paris, intervene between Tables of Corn Duties, and the Imports and Exports of Corn. Oysters and the Post Office figure immediately between Commercial Treaties and Commercial Legislation: and, as a specimen of the accuracy with which the Tables are printed, we are twice informed in one page (193), that certain cloths are sold at so much *per annum*! In page 262, a column of figures, exhibiting the Imports of 1837, and one of unusual length, containing figures in the million place, is cast up as 64,000.

There are valuable materials in these works, and, were they well digested, and unincumbered by the long dry profitless details of Treaties, and the minutiae of Tariffs, they would be interesting as well as important. One thing, however, it appears to us desirable that the compiler should either avoid or perfect; namely, his opinions and deductions. They



are in the first place too brief to give him a chance of doing justice to his materials, were they ever so correct. The deductions, too, where any are made, are nearly comprised in the Free Trade theory, at which Mr. Macgregor arrives with seven-league boots, jumping over acres of figures of increasing size and fertility, which figures prove, if they prove anything, prosperity under a very rigorous anti-free-trade system. We by no means dispute the accuracy of his general view; but a great deal more analysis and explanation is needed before he can reconcile his conclusions with his figures. Mr. Macgregor diligently collects facts, but he has hitherto imperfectly shown their collective bearing; and until he does so, his work is as little complete, as is that of the architect when the stones, cement, and timber for the edifice lie scattered in confusion on the ground. The humble task of collector he has well accomplished—that of the philosophical statistician he has yet to commence.

**Forest Life.** By the Author of 'A New Home.' 2 vols. Longman & Co.

HAD these sketches of life in the American woods been compressed within the compass of one volume, the book would have gained in interest. But pleasant Mrs. Mary Clavers is prosy as well as pleasant. Her own feelings and speculations occupy too large a space in her revelations; while the correspondence of the English family she introduces in her second volume—if genuine—was hardly worth the publication, at least in England. The Sibthorpes are affectingly amiable in the absolute predilection they express for the rough and self-sacrificing habits they are compelled to assume in their new home. The picture, though undertaken with the best possible intentions, is overdone. On the other hand, there is the stamp of truth on all the American figures Mrs. Clavers has sketched,—Aunt Parshalls (a real Aunt Cli) with her lazy, selfish "old man," and her indefatigable "dish kettle"—Miss Duncan, the magnificent "school ma'am," who had well nigh destroyed, for ever, the happiness of pretty, honest-hearted, Candace Beamer, and whose finery is as false as her name,—and other characters we could mention, are people to be known by their portraits:—and the following travelling adventure, though somewhat of the longest, is a passage, for the accuracy of which we can vouch, though we never dried our wet clothes by the fire in a log hut—or flung ourselves down to sleep behind a "cotton-sheet partition." Our authoress and her family, when travelling through the woods in the rudest of equipages, were compelled by a transatlantically drenching shower of rain, to "put in" to a forest cabin for shelter:—

"The log-house proved a small one; and though its neat corn-crib and chicken-coop of slender poles bespoke a careful gude-man, we found no gate in front, but in its stead great awkward bars, which were to be taken down or climbed over, and either of these is no pleasant process in a pouring rain. But by the aid of a little patience we made our way into the house, which had only a back door, as is very usual among the early settlers. Within, the marks of uncomfortable, though strictly neat and decent poverty, were too evident. No well-stored dresser; no rug curtains; no shining tins; no gorgeous piece-work bed quilts, exhibiting stars of all magnitudes, and moons in all quarters. Not even the usual display of Sunday habiliments graced the bare log walls. The good woman was of a shadowy thinness, and her husband, with a green shade over his eyes, wore a downcast and desponding air. One little girl, with her yellow hair done up in many a *papillote*, sat in a corner playing with a kitten. The mother put down her knitting as we entered, but the father seemed to have been sitting in listless idleness. We were received with that free and hospitable welcome so general among the pioneers of the west. Our wet garments were carefully disposed for drying, and even the buffalo-robos and blankets found place on those slender poles which are usually observable

above the ample fire-place of a regular log hut, placed there for the purpose of drying, sometimes the week's wash, when the weather proves rainy, sometimes whole rows of slender circlets of pumpkin for next spring's pies, sometimes (when we can get them) festoons of sliced apples. The rain gave no sign of truce; the eaves poured incessantly, and we heard the rumbling of distant thunder. There was every prospect that we should be constrained to become unwilling intruders on the kindness of Mr. Gaston and his family for the night at least. \* \* Our hostess was a very active and tidy person, and she busied herself in all those little offices which evince a desire to make guests feel themselves welcome. She had small change of garments to offer, but she was unwearied in turning and drying before the fire such as we could dispense with for the time; for we hoped the storm would be but short-lived, and did not wish to open our trunks until we stopped for the night. The rain, however, slackened not: on the contrary, frequent flashes of lightning, and a muttering thunder which seemed momentarily to draw nearer, threatened still longer detention. The eaves poured merrily; and it was amusing to see our little hostess, with an old cloak over her head, fly out to place tubs, pails, jars, basins, and milk-pans so as to intercept as much as possible of the falling treasure, intimating that as soap was pretty scarce, she must try to catch rain-water, any how. A trough, scooped from the portly trunk of a large whitewood tree, was so placed as to save all that fell from one side of the roof; but, on the other, almost all the utensils of the house were arranged by the careful dame, who made frequent trips for the purpose of exchanging the full for the empty,—apologising for not calling upon 'th' old man' to assist her, because getting wet might increase the inflammation of his eyes. Mrs. Gaston had carried out her last milk-pans, and was returning to the door, when the sound of wheels was heard above the rattling of the storm; and in another moment a loud 'Hilloa!' told that other travellers besides ourselves were about to seek shelter. \* \* 'Hilloa there! hilloa! where under the canopy is all the folks? Be a joggin', can't ye!' shouted one of the newly arrived. Mr. Gaston hurried out as fast as his poor blind eyes would allow, and his wife threw fresh wood upon the fire, and swept the rough hearth anew as well as she could with the remnant of a broom. This was scarcely done when we heard voices approaching; at first mingled into a humming unison with the storm, then growing more distinguishable. A very shrill treble overtopped all the rest, giving utterance to all the approved forms of feminine exclamation. 'Oh dear! oh mercy! oh bless me! oh, papa! oh, I shall be drowned—smother'd—oh dear!' but we must not pretend to give more than a specimen. A portly old gentleman now made his appearance bearing on his shoulder what seemed at first view a bolster cased in silk, so limp and helpless was his burthen. Behind him came, as best she might, a tall and slender lady, who seemed his wife; and after scant salutation to the mistress of the cottage, the two old people were at once anxiously occupied in unrolling the said bolster, which proved, after the Champollion process was completed, to be a very delicate and rather pretty young lady, their daughter. After, or rather with, this group, entered a bluff, ruddy, well-made young man, who seemed to have been charioteer, and to whom it was not unreasonable to ascribe the adoration at the head of our chapter. He brought in some cushions and a great coat, which he threw into a corner, establishing himself thereafter with his back to the fire, from which advantageous position he surveyed the company at his leisure. 'The luggage must be brought in,' said the elderly gentleman. 'Yes! I should think it had oughter,' observed the young man in reply: 'I should bring it in if it was mine, any how.' 'Why don't you bring it in, then?' asked the gentleman, with rather an ominous frown. 'I! well,—I don't know but what I could, upon a pinch. But, look here, uncle! I want you to take notice of one thing,—I didn't engage to wait upon ye. I an't nobody's nigger, mind that! I'll be up to my bargain. I come on for a teamster. If you took me for a servant, you are mistaken in the child, Sir! However,' he continued, as if a natural kindness was getting the better of cherished pride,—'I can always help a gentleman, if so be that he asks me like a gen-

tleman; and, upon the hull, I guess I'm rather sturdier than you be, so I'll go a-head.' And with this magnanimous resolution the youth departed; and, with some help from our host, soon filled up every spare corner, and some that could ill be spared, with a multifarious collection of conveniences, very inconvenient under present circumstances. Three prodigious travelling trunks of white leather formed the main body, but there were bags and cases without end, and, to crown all, a Spanish guitar. 'That is all, I believe,' said the old gentleman, addressing the ladies, as a load was set down. 'All!' exclaimed the teamster, 'I should hope it was! and what any body on earth can want with sich lots o' fixins, I'm sure's dark to me! If I was startin' for Texas I should'n't want no more baggage than I could tie up in a handkercher. But what's curious to me is, where we're all agoin' to sleep to-night! This here rain don't talk o' stoppin', and here we've got to stay, if we have to sleep, like pins in a pincushion, all up on cend. It's my vote that we turn these contraptions—the whole bilin' on 'em—right out into the shed, and jist make up a good big shake-down with the buffaloes and cushions.' The young lady, upon this, looked ineffable things at her mamma, and, indeed, disgust was very legible upon the countenances of all these unwilling guests. \* \* While Mrs. Margold and her daughter continued discussing these matters in an under tone, Mr. Margold set about discovering what the temporary retreat could be made to afford besides shelter. 'This wet makes one chilly,' he said; 'haven't you a pair of bellows to help the fire a little?' The good woman of the house tried her apron, and then the good man tried his straw hat; but the last wood had been wet, and seemed not inclined to blaze. 'Bellowses!' exclaimed the young man (whose name we found to be Butts), 'we can do our own blowin' in the woods. Here! let me try; and with the old broom stump he flirited up a fire in a minute, only scattering smoke and ashes on all sides. The ladies retreated in dismay, a movement which seemed greatly to amuse Mr. Butts. 'Don't you be scar't, he said; 'ashes never pison'd any body yet.'"

We cannot make room for the tea perplexities of these fastidious travellers; and their disgust of the easy courtesy of their good-humoured teamster, Mr. Butts. As night came on, their troubles increased:—

"The sleeping arrangements were of a more perplexing character than those which had been fortunately devised for the tea. There were two large beds and a trundle bed; and these, with a scanty supply of bedding, comprised our available means; and, besides our tea-party, two little boys had come dripping home from school to add to our numbers. After much consultation, many propositions, and not a few remarks calculated rather to wound the feelings of our civil entertainers, it was concluded to put the two large beds close together in order to enlarge their capacities; and this extensive couch was to hold all the 'women-folks,' and some of the children. The trundle bed, by careful stowage, took the little ones; and, for the old gentleman, a couch of buffalo-robos and carriage-cushions was skillfully prepared by no other than the forgiving Mr. Butts, who seemed disposed to forget past rebuffs, and to exert himself very heartily in the public service. This disinterested individual was perfectly content to repose in Indian fashion, with his feet to the fire, and anything he could get for a pillow; and the master of the house stretched himself out after the same manner. When all was done, Mrs. Gaston made the ordinary cotton-sheet-partition for the benefit of those who chose to undress; and then began to prepare herself for the rest which I am sure she needed. All seemed well enough for weary travellers; and as, at any rate, these poor people had done their best, I trusted that all fault-finding would soon be hushed in sleep. But it became evident ere long that Miss Margold did not intend to become a person of such small consequence. She had disturbed her father several times by requests for articles from different parts of the luggage, without which she declared she could not think of going to bed; she had received from her mother the attendance of a waiting maid, without offering the slightest service in return; and now, when all her ingenuity seemed to be exhausted, she sud-

denly discovered that it would be in vain for her to think of sleeping in a bed where there were so many people, and she decided on sitting up all night. A silence expressive of the deepest consternation held the assembly bound for some seconds. This was first broken by a long, low, expressive whistle from Mr. Butts, but the remembrance of past mischance bridled his tongue. 'Do you think you could sleep here, my dear?' inquired Mr. Margold from his snug nest in the corner. The young lady almost screamed with horror. 'Never mind, my darling,' said the mamma; 'I will sit in the rocking-chair by the fire, and you shall have plenty of room.' 'Oh no, ma! that will never do—why can't the woman sit up? I dare say she's used to it.' This was said in a loud whisper which reached every body's ears, but no reply was made. Mrs. Margold and her daughter whispered together for some time further, and the result was that the lady drew one of the beds apart from the other, which movement caused Mrs. Gaston's little girl to roll out upon the floor with a sad resounding thump and a piteous cry. This proved the drop too many. Out spoke at last the poor half-blind husband and father. His patience was, as Mr. Butts would say, 'used up.' 'Neighbours,' he said, 'I don't know who you are, nor where you come from; and I didn't ask, for you were driven into my house by a storm. My family were willing to accommodate you as far as they could; such as we had, you were welcome to; but we are poor, and haven't much to do with. Now you haven't seemed to be satisfied with anything, and your behaviour has hurt my wife's feelings and mine too. You think we are poor ignorant people, and so we are; but you think we haven't feelings like other folks, and there you are mistaken. Now, the short and long of the matter is, that as the storm is over and the moon is up, it's my desire that you pick up your things and drive on to the next tavern, where you can call for what you like, and pay for what you get. I don't keep a tavern, though I'm always willin' to entertain a civil traveller as well as I can.'—The Margolds were in a pitiable perplexity. Miss Angelica, knowing that none of the trouble would come upon herself, was for being very spirited upon the occasion; her papa, who had already begun to dream of Wall Street and Waverley Place, did hate to be recalled to the woods; and Mrs. Margold had no opinion of her own on this or any other occasion. Mr. Gaston, seeing no demonstrations of retreat, went to Butts, who was or pretended to be asleep, and shaking him by the shoulder, told him he was wanted to get up his horses. 'Get up the poor critters at this time o' night!' said he, rubbing his eyes; 'why! what upon the livin' earth's the matter! has the young woman got the high strikes?' 'Your folks is agoin' to try and mend their lodgin', that's all,' replied the host, whose temper was a good deal moved. 'They a'n't satisfied with the best we could do for 'em, and it's my desire that they should try the tavern at Jericho. It is but two miles, and you'll soon drive it.' 'I'll be tip'd if I drive it to-night, though, uncle,' replied the imperturbable Mr. Butts; 'I don't budge a foot. I shan't do no sich nonsense. As for their trying the tavern at Jericho, the tavern's a deuced sight more likely to try *them*, as you know very well. Any how, this child don't stir.' 'But if we are turned out of doors,' said Mr. Margold, who aroused himself most unwillingly to the consciousness of a new cause of disturbance; 'you are bound to'— 'I a'n't bound to drive nobody in the middle of the night,' said Mr. Butts, 'so don't you try to suck me in there. But as to turning you out o' doors, this here chap a'n't the feller to turn any man out o' doors if he'll be civil. He's a little wrothy because your folks wa'n't contented with such as he had. I see he was a gettin' riled some, and I thought he'd bile over. You see that's the way with us western folks. If folks is saasy, we walk right into 'em like a thousand o' brick. He'll cool down again if you jist pat him a little. He's got some grit, but he a'n't ugly. You only make your women-folks keep quiet, get a curb-bridle upon their tongues, and we'll do well enough.'"

For the improvement of the travelling Margolds of every country, the above scene, apart from its individuality and merit, is well worth extracting. But the space which it has occupied, is all that can be devoted to 'Forest Life.' As

some strange chance may wait a stray *Athenæum* to Mrs. Clavers' door, we will not lose the opportunity of counselling her, in her future confessions and lucubrations, to think more of the beauty of brevity, and less of the "quips and counter checks" of fine writing: and we say this in all kindness, for we have a prejudice in her favour, on the strength of an old acquaintance with her mother, whose society we some years since enjoyed for a season, and who yet lives in our memory as a clear-headed, sound-hearted gentlewoman, an honour to America, as she would have been to England had she chanced to have been born on this side the Atlantic—and a contributor, too, to the *Athenæum*, though that, after the fashion of our dramatists, should be marked as—'Aside.'

#### The Book of the Poets.

[Fourth Notice.]

"POETRY is of too spiritual a nature," Mr. Campbell has observed, "to admit of its authors being exactly grouped by a Linnæan system of classification." Nevertheless, from those subtle influences which poets render and receive, and from other causes less obvious but no less operative, it has resulted even to ourselves in this slight survey of the poets of our country, that the signs used by us simply as signs of historical demarcation, have naturally fallen or risen into signs of poetical classification. The five eras we spoke of in a former paper, have each a characteristic as clear in poetry as in chronology; and a deeper gulf than an *Anno Domini* yawns betwixt an Elizabethan man and a man of that third era upon which we are entering. The change of the poetical characteristic was not, indeed, without gradation. The hands of the clock had been moving silently for a whole hour before the new one struck—and even in Davies, even in Drayton, we felt the cold foreshadow of a change. The word "sweetness," which presses into our sentences against the will of our rhetoric whenever we speak of Shakspeare ("sweetest Shakspeare") or his kin, we lose the taste of in the later waters—they are brackish with another age.

In what did the change consist? Practically and partially in the idol-worship of RHYME. Among the elder poets, the rhyme was only a felicitous adjunct, a musical accompaniment, the tinkling of a cymbal through the choral harmonies. You heard it across the changes of the pause, as an undertone of the chant, marking the time with an audible indistinctness, and catching occasionally and reflecting the full light of the emphasis of the sense in mutual elucidation. But the new practice endeavoured to identify in all possible cases the rhyme and what may be called the sentimental emphasis; securing the latter to the tenth rhyming syllable, and so dishonouring the emphasis of the sentiment into the base use of the marking of the time. And, not only by this unnatural provision did the emphasis minister to the rhyme, but the pause did so also. "Away with all pauses,"—said the reformers,—"except the legitimate pause at the tenth rhyming syllable. O rhyme, live for ever! Rhyme alone take the incense from our altars,—tinkling cymbal alone be our music!"—And so arose, in dread insignificance, "the heart and impart men."

Moreover, the corruption of the versification was but a type of the change in the poetry itself, and sufficiently expressive. The accession to the throne of the poets, of the *wits* in the new current sense of the term, or of the beaux esprits—a term to be used the more readily because descriptive of the actual pestilential influence of French literature—was accompanied by the substitution of elegant thoughts for poetic conceptions ("elegant" alas! beginning to be the critical

pass-word) of adroit illustrations for beautiful images, of ingenuity for genius. Yet this third era is only the preparation for the fourth consummating one—the hesitation before the crime—we smell the blood through it in the bath-room! And our fancy grows hysterical, like poor Octavia, while the dismal extent of the "quantum mutatus" develops itself in detail.

"Waller's sweetness!" it is a needy antithesis to Denham's strength,—and, if anything beside, a sweetness as far removed from that which we have lately recognized, as the saccharine of the palate from the melodious of the ear. Will Saccharissa frown at our comparison from the high sphere of his verse? or will she, a happy "lady who can sleep when she pleases," please to oversleep our offence? It is certain that we but walk in her footsteps in our disdain of her poet, even if we disdain him—and most seriously we disown any such partaking of her "cruelty." Escaping from the first astonishment of an unhappy transition, and from what is still more vexing, those "base, common, and popular" critical voices, which, in and out of various "arts of poetry," have been pleased to fix upon this same transitional epoch as the genesis of excellence to our language and versification, we do not, we hope it of ourselves, undervalue Waller. There is a certain grace "beyond the reach of art," or rather beyond the destructive reach of his ideas of art, to which, we opine, if he had not been a courtier and a renegade, the lady Dorothæa might have bent her courtly head unabashed, even as the Penshurst beeches did. We gladly acknowledge in him, as in Denham and other poets of the transition, an occasional remorseful recurrence by half lines and whole lines, or even a few lines together, to the poetic past. We will do anything but agree with Mr. Hallam, who, in his excellent and learned work on the Literature of Europe, has passed some singular judgments upon the poets, and none more startling than his comparison of Waller to Milton, on the ground of the sustenance of power. The crying truth is louder than Mr. Hallam, and cries, in spite of Fame, with whom poor Waller was an "enfant trouvé," an heir by chance, rather than merit,—that he is feeble poetically quite as surely as morally and politically, and that, so far from being an equal and sustained poet, he has not strength for unity even in his images, nor for continuity in his thoughts, nor for adequacy in his expression, nor for harmony in his versification. This is at least our strong and sustained impression of Edmund Waller.

With a less natural gift of poetry than Waller, Denham has not only more strength of purpose and language (an easy superiority), but some strength in the abstract: he puts forth rather a sinewy hand to the new structure of English versification. It is true, indeed, that in his only poem which survives to any competent popularity—his 'Cooper's Hill'—we may find him again and again, by an instinct to a better principle, receding to the old habit of the medial pause, instead of the would-be sufficiency of the final one. But, generally, he is true to his modern sect of the Pharisees; and he helps their prosperity otherwise by adopting that pharisaic fashion of setting forth, vaingloriously, a little virtue of thought and poetry in pointed and antithetic expression, which all the wits delighted in, from himself, a chief originator, to Pope, the perfecter. The famous lines, inheriting by entail a thousand critical admirations—

"Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full,"

and as Sydney Smith might put it, "a great many other things, without a great many other things," contain the germ and prophecy of the whole Queen Anne's generation. For the rest, we will be brief in our melancholy, and say no more of Denham than that he was a Dryden in *small*.



The genius of the new school was its anomaly, even Abraham Cowley. We have said nothing of "the metaphysical poets" because we disclaim the classification, and believe with Mr. Leigh Hunt, that every poet, inasmuch as he is a poet, is a metaphysician. In taking note, therefore, of this Cowley, who stands on the very vibratory soil of the transition, and stretches his faltering and protesting hands on either side to the old and to the new, let no one brand him for "metaphysics." He was a true poet, both by natural constitution and cultivation, but without the poet's heart. His admirers have compared him to Pindar—and, taking Pindar out of his rapture, they may do so still—he was a Pindar writing by *métier* rather than by *verve*. In rapidity and subtlety of the associative faculty, which, however, with him, moved circularly rather than onward, he was sufficiently Pindaric: but, as it is a fault in the Greek lyricist to leave his buoyancy to the tumultuous rush of his associations too unmisgivingly and entirely for the right reverence of Unity in Beauty,—so is it the crime of the English poet to commit coldly what the other permitted passively, and with a conscious volition, quick yet calm, calm when quickest, to command from the ends of the universe the associations of material sciences and spiritual philosophies. Quickness of the associative or suggestive faculty is common, we have had occasion to observe, to the wit (in the modern sense) and the poet—its application only, being of a reverse difference. Cowley confounded the application, and became a witty poet. The Elizabethan writers were inclined to a too curious illuminating of thought, by imagery. Cowley was coarsely curious: he went to the shambles for his chambers of imagery, and very often through the mud. All which faults appear to us attributable to his coldness of temperament, and his defectiveness in the instinct towards Beauty; to having the intellect only of a great poet, not the sensibility. His 'Davideis,' our first epic in point of time, has fine things in it. His translations, or rather paraphrases of Anacreon, are absolutely the most perfect of any English composition of their order. His other poems contain profuse material, in image and reflection, for the accomplishment of three poets, each greater than himself. He approached the beautiful and the true as closely as mere Fancy could; but that very same Fancy, unfixed by feeling, too often, in the next breath, approximated him to the hideous and the false. Noble thoughts are in Cowley—we say noble, and we might say sublime; but, while we speak, he falls before the first praise. Yet his influence was for good rather than for evil, by inciting to a struggle backward, a delay in the revolutionary movement: and this, although a wide gulf yawned between him and the former age, and his heart's impulse was not strong enough to cast him across it. For his actual influence, he lifts us up and casts us down—charms, and goes nigh to disgust us—does all but make us love and weep.

And then came "glorious John," with the whole fourth era in his arms;—and eloquent above the sons of men, to talk down, thunder down poetry as if it were an exhalation. Do we speak as if he were not a poet? nay, but we speak of the character of his influences! nay, but he was a poet—an excellent poet—in marble! and Phidias, with the sculpturesque ideal separated from his working tool, might have carved him. He was a poet without passion, just as Cowley was—but, then, Cowley lived by fancy, and that would have been poor living for John Dryden. Unlike Cowley, too, he had an earnestness which of itself was influential. He was inspired in his understanding and his senses only; but to the point of disenchanting the world most marvel-

lously. He had a large soul for a man, containing sundry Queen Anne's men, one within another, like quartetto tables; but it was not a large soul for a poet, and it entertained the universe by potatoe patches. He established finally the reign of the literati for the reign of the poets—and the critics clapped their hands. He established finally the despotism of the final emphasis—and no one dared, in affecting criticism, to speak any more at all against a tinkling cymbal. And so, in distinctive succession to poetry and inspiration, began the new system of harmony "as by law established"—and so he translated Virgil not only into English but into Dryden; and so he was kind enough to translate Chaucer too, as an example,—made him a much finer speaker, and not, according to our doxy, so good a versifier—and cured the readers of the old "Knight's tale" of sundry of their tears!—and so he reasoned powerfully in verse—and threw into verse besides, the whole force of his strong sensual being; and so he wrote what has been called from generation to generation, down to the threshold of our days, "the best ode in the English language." To complete which successes, he thrust out nature with a fork; and for a long time, and in spite of Horace's prophecy, she never came back again. Do we deny our gratitude and his glory to glorious John because we speak thus? In novise would we do it. He was a man greatly endowed; and our language and our literature remain, in certain respects, the greater for his greatness—more practical, more rapid, and with an air of mixed freedom and adroitness which we welcome as an addition to the various powers of either. With regard to his influence—and he was most influential upon poetry—we have spoken; and have the whole of the opening era from which to prove.

While we return upon our steps for a breathing moment, and pause before MILTON,—the consideration occurs to us that a person of historical ignorance in respect to this divine poet, would hesitate and be at a loss to which era of our poetry to attach him through the internal evidence of his works. He has not the tread of a contemporary of Dryden,—and Rochester's *nothingness* is a strange accompaniment to the voice of his greatness. Neither can it be quite predicated of him that he walks an Elizabethan man—there is a certain fine bloom or farina, rather felt than seen, upon the old poems, unrecognized upon his. But the love of his genius leant backward to those older oracles: and it is pleasant to think that he was actually born before Shakespeare's death; that they two looked upwardly to the same daylight and stars; and that he might have stretched his baby arms ("animosus infans!") to the faint hazel eyes of the poet of poets. Let us think in anywise that he drew in some living subtle Shakspearian benediction, providing for greatness.

The Italian poets had "rained influence" on the Elizabethan "field of the cloth of gold;" and from the Italian poets as well as the classical sources and the elder English ones, did Milton accomplish his soul. Yet the poet Milton was not made by what he received; not even by what he loved. High above the current of poetical influences he held his own grand personality; and there never lived poet in any age (unless we assume ignorantly of Homer) more isolated in the contemporaneous world than he. He was not worked upon from out of it, nor did he work outwardly upon it. As Cromwell's secretary and Salmasius's antagonist, he had indeed an audience; but as a poet, a scant one; his music, like the spherical tune, being inaudible because too fine and high. It is almost awful to think of him issuing from the arena of controversy victorious and blind,—putting away

from his dark brows the bloody laurel—left alone after the heat of the day by those for whom he had combated; and originating in that enforced dark quietude his epic vision for the inward sight of the unborn; so to avenge himself on the world's neglect by exacting from it an eternal future of reminiscence. The circumstances of the production of his great work are worthy in majesty of the poem itself; and the writer is the ideal to us of the majestic personality of a poet. He is the student, the deep thinker, the patriot, the believer, the thorough brave man,—breathing freely for truth and freedom under the leaden weights of his adversities—never reproaching God for his griefs by his despair—working in the chain,—praying without ceasing in the serenity of his sightless eyes,—and because the whole visible universe was swept away from betwixt them and the Creator, contemplating more intently the invisible infinite, and shaping all his thoughts to it in grander proportion! O noble Christian poet! Which is hardest? self-renunciation, and the sackcloth and the cave? or grief-renunciation, and the working on, on, under the stripe? He did what was hardest. He was Agonistes building up, instead of pulling down; and his high religious fortitude gave a character to his works. He stood in the midst of those whom we are forced to consider the corrupt versifiers of his day, an iconoclast of their idol rhyme, and protesting practically against the sequestration of pauses. His lyrical poems, move they ever so softly, step lightly, and with something of an epic air. His sonnets are the first sonnets of a free rhythm—and this although Shakespeare and Spenser were sonnet-teers. His 'Comus,' and 'Samson,' and 'Ly-cidas,'—how are we to praise them? His epic is the second to Homer's, and the first in sublime effects—a sense as of divine benediction flowing through it from end to end. Not that we compare, for a moment, Milton's genius with Homer's—but that CHRISTIANITY is in the poem besides Milton. If we hazard a remark which is not admiration, it shall be this—that with all his heights and breadths (which we may measure geometrically if we please from the 'Davideis' of Cowley), with all his rapt devotions and exaltations towards the highest of all, we do miss something—we, at least, who are writing, miss something—of what may be called, but rather metaphysically than theologically, *spirituality*. His spiritual personages are vast enough, but not *rarified* enough. They are humanities, enlarged, uplifted, transfigured—but no more. In the most spiritual of his spirits, there is a conscious, obvious, even ponderous, materialism. And hence comes the celestial gunpowder, and hence the clashing with swords, and hence the more continuous evil which we feel better than we describe, the thick atmosphere clouding the heights of the subject. And if anybody should retort, that complaining so we complain of Milton's humanity—we shake our heads. For Shakespeare also was a *man*; and our creed is, that the 'Mid-summer Night's Dream' displays more of the fairyhood of fairies, than the 'Paradise Lost' does of the angelhood of angels. The example may serve the purpose of explaining our objection; both leaving us room for the one remark more—that Ben Jonson and John Milton, the most scholastic of our poets, brought out of their scholarship different gifts to our language; that Jonson brought more Greek, and Milton more Latin,—while the influences of the latter and greater poet were at once more slowly and more extensively effectual.

Butler was the contemporary of Milton: we confess a sort of continuous "innocent surprise" in the thought of it, however the craziness of our imagination may be in fault.

We have stood by as witnesses while the great poet sanctified the visible earth with the oracle of his blindness; and are startled that a profane voice should be hardy enough to break the echo, and jest in the new consecrated temple. But this is rather a roundheaded than a long-headed way of adverting to poor Butler; who for all his gross injustice to the purer religionists, in the course of "flattering the vices and daubing the iniquities" of King Charles's court, does scarcely deserve, at our hands, either to be treated as a poet or punished for being a contemporary of the poet Milton.—Butler's business was the business of desecration, the exact reverse of a poet's; and by the admission of all the world his business is well done. His learning is various and extensive, and his fancy communicates to it its mobility. His wit has a gesture of authority, as if it might, if it pleased, be wisdom. His power over language, "tattered and ragged" like Skelton's, is as wonderful as his power over images. And if nobody can commend the design of his Hudibras, which is the English counterpart of Don Quixote—a more objectionable servility than an adaptation from a serious composition, in which case that humorous effect would have been increased by the travesty, which is actually injured and precisely in an inverse ratio, by the burlesque copy of the burlesque,—everybody must admit the force of the execution. When Prior attempted afterwards the same line of composition with his peculiar grace and airiness of diction—when Swift ground society into jests with a rougher turning of the wheel—still, then and since, has this Butler stood alone. He is the genius of his class—a natural enemy to poetry under the form of a poet: not a great man, but a powerful man.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Stonehenge; or the Romans in Britain—a Romance of the Days of Nero*, by Malachi Mouldy, F.S.A. 3 vols.—Misraim Mouldy the defunct, however learned as an antiquarian was no romancer, if we are to judge from the specimen of his talents edited by Malachi, his father. It is true that the period of the Druids is not the epoch most easily managed by a writer of fiction, but here we find absolutely nothing but the learning. Some of the serviceable panegyrics put forth have coupled this novel with Mr. Lockhart's 'Valerius'—the two in reality resembling each other about as closely as the dead leaf and the living thriving branch on the tree. 'Valerius' was written in a poetical, glowing style, which brought the feelings and usages of the old Romans before us, in all the warmth, and form, and colour of actual existence. 'Stonehenge' contains encyclopedical details of Druid sacrifices on Salisbury Plain, and extravagant banquets in the Eternal City: both so prosaically described—so larded with reflections, quotations, and all the other interpolations in which self-complacent young authors delight—as to be utterly wearisome. Malachi Mouldy claims familiar acquaintance, in his comical preface, with Monkbarns the incompatible: we suspect that he belongs to the disowned branch of the Dryadust family.

*Tales of the Braganza, with Scenes and Sketches*, by T. H. Osborne, Esq.—Violent, dashing things, belonging to the morbid school of fiction, but not without a certain cleverness:—on the whole, a readable miscellany.

*Illustrations of British Birds and their Eggs*, by H. L. Meyer, No. I.—This is a small edition of the author's well known quarto *Illustrations of British Birds*. The plates are lithographed, and slight, but masterly. The price, we think, extravagant.

*The Art of Conversation, with Remarks on Fashion and Address*, by Captain Orlando Sabertash.—Though this be superior, in its tone, to the general run of receipt-books which do not teach "how to make a gentleman,"

and infinitely more amusing in its illustrative anecdotes, it still belongs to a class we cannot greatly esteem, and, besides, has faults of its own, which circumscribe its utility. The ease of Captain Sabertash is too apt to become familiarity—and his *dicta*, when the most imposing, are not always the furthest removed from common-place. We might, however, have treated our readers with a specimen of the graces he recommends and the faults he denounces, had not the larger and more amusing portion of his book already appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*.

*List of New Books.*—The Elements of Arithmetic for the Use of Schools, by Charles Bathurst, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Gramma Britannicum, or Representations of British Grasses, by J. L. Knapp, Esq., new edit. 4to. 76s. bds.—John Tidd Pratt's Property Tax Act, 5 & 6 Vict. c. 35, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Chronological Pictures of English History, by John Gilbert, Part I., containing five reigns, 4to. 7s. 6d. swd.—Notes of a Tour in the Distressed Manufacturing Districts of Lancashire, by Dr. W. Cooke Taylor, 12mo. 5s. cl.—Norway and her Laplanders in 1841, by John Milford, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Dr. A. Taylor on the Climate of Pau, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Little Susan, a Tale, by Aunt Sophy, 18mo. 1s. cl.—Life in the West, Backwood Leaves and Prairie Flowers, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—The Deformed, Jessy Bell, and other Poems, by Mary St. Aubyn, 6s. cl.—The Lawyer, his Character, and Rule of Holy Life, by E. O'Brien, 6s. cl.—Cowan's (Dr.) Bedside Manual, new edit. 18mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—The New Poor Law Amendment Act, with notes, forms of removal, &c., by J. F. Archbold, Esq., 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Rhymes for an Hour, Poems on several occasions, by Clara Coulthard, 18mo. cl.—A Summer Trip to Weymouth and Dorchester, from the Note Book of an Old Traveller, 12mo. 4s. cl.—Channing's Duty of the Free States, Part II., 18mo. 6s. swd.—The Infant's Joy, or Simple Stories for Children, 18mo. 1s. cl.—Otley's Guide to the Lakes, 7th edit. 12mo. 5s. cl.—Dallenger's Income Tax Tables at one View, 8vo. 1s. swd.—Noelchen's German Exercises, new edit. 12mo. 6s. bds.—New Duty of Man, new edit. 18mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Salvation possible to the Vildest Sinners, by J. Herriek, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—First Chapters on the Church, by the Rev. G. A. Cockburn, 6s. cl.—A Companion to the Baptismal Font, by Rev. E. Bickersteth, 18mo. 2s. cl.—Commentary on the New Testament, edited by the Rev. W. Dalton, new edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. cl.—Summer's Evidence of Christianity, new edit. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Eucharistica, with Introduction, by S. Witherspoon, new edit., with illuminated title, &c., 32mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—The History of the Church, by the Rev. Charles Mackenzie, post 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL for JUNE, kept by the Assistant Secretary, at the Apartments of the Royal Society,  
BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1842. JUNE.	9 o'clock, A.M.			3 o'clock, P.M.			Dew Point at 9 A.M., deg. Fahr.	Diff. of Wet and Dry bulb Thermometer.	External Thermometers.				Rain in Inches, Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.
	Barometer uncorrected.		Att. Ther.	Barometer uncorrected.		Att. Ther.			Fahrenheit.		Self-registering				
	Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.		Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.				9 A.M.	3 P.M.	Lowest.	Highest.			
W 1	30.284	30.278	76.0	30.206	30.198	66.8	54	08.6	64.5	71.4	53.2	81.5	.019	S	{ Fine—light clouds and wind throughout the day. Rain during the night. Evening, Fine and starlight.
T 2	30.250	30.242	66.2	30.278	30.270	67.2	60	07.2	64.5	68.8	60.0	72.3		NW	{ A.M. Cloudy—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Ev. Fine and starlight.
F 3	30.368	30.360	77.3	30.268	30.260	67.5	55	08.4	63.3	71.7	53.0	76.5		E	{ Fine—nearly cloudless throughout the day. Ev. Fine and starlight.
S 4	30.168	30.160	72.9	30.084	30.076	68.6	54	10.7	66.3	75.5	54.0	77.5		NW	{ A.M. Fine—nearly cloudless. P.M. Fine—lt. clouds. Ev. Cloudy.
⊙ 5	30.018	30.010	69.4	29.934	29.928	71.0	53	09.0	66.4	76.0	59.4	76.0		S	{ Cloudy—light wind throughout the day. Evening, The same.
M 6	30.002	29.996	71.6	30.042	30.034	70.7	61	10.0	68.5	73.0	57.4	77.0		N	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Fine and cloudless—light wind. Evening, Fine and starlight.
T 7	30.264	30.256	79.0	30.248	30.240	70.8	55	10.0	66.7	71.7	56.4	76.0		E	{ Fine—lt. clouds and wind throughout the day. Ev. Fine & starlight.
● W 8	30.324	30.318	77.7	30.268	30.260	72.0	63	07.3	66.8	72.2	55.3	72.7		NW	{ Cloudy—light wind throughout the day. Ev. Fine and starlight.
T 9	30.314	30.308	82.7	30.218	30.210	71.5	60	07.3	63.4	73.2	51.0	78.3		N	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Fine and cloudless.
F 10	30.182	30.174	81.3	30.124	30.116	71.0	61	10.1	66.3	76.5	52.7	74.2		NE	{ Fine and cloudless—stiff breeze throughout the day. Evening, Fine and starlight.
S 11	30.254	30.248	82.7	30.226	30.218	72.0	62	06.7	65.2	80.3	53.8	77.4		N	{ Fine & cloudless—lt. breeze throughout the day. Ev. Fine & starlight.
⊙ 12	30.362	30.354	80.5	30.334	30.328	73.0	66	07.0	68.3	80.5	56.6	82.2		N	{ Fine—nearly cloudless—light wind throughout the day. Evening, Fine and starlight.
M 13	30.358	30.350	75.7	30.264	30.256	73.3	61	07.6	64.8	78.3	58.2	82.4		N	{ Fine and cloudless—light breeze throughout the day. Evening, early part, cloudy, after, fine and starlight.
T 14	30.168	30.160	74.9	30.098	30.090	74.0	63	07.9	72.3	80.5	62.6	79.7		E	{ A.M. Cloudy—light breeze. P.M. Fine—light clouds and breeze. Evening, Cloudy—light shower.
W 15	30.110	30.102	75.3	30.108	30.100	73.0	63	08.0	66.3	68.3	59.0	82.4	.033	NW	{ A.M. Cloudy—lt. breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. Ev. Cloudy.
T 16	30.062	30.056	79.3	30.042	30.034	72.3	58	09.7	66.3	70.7	57.2	79.2		NW	{ A.M. Cloudy—stiff breeze. P.M. Fine—light clouds and breeze. Evening, Overcast.
F 17	30.132	30.124	71.6	30.130	30.122	69.6	58	08.1	64.0	64.3	56.7	72.7		S	{ A.M. Overcast. P.M. Dark broken clouds. Evening, Cloudy.
S 18	30.086	30.078	65.4	30.000	29.992	66.5	56	05.7	59.5	60.0	54.4	68.8		E	{ A.M. Overcast—brisk wind. P.M. The like with it. rain. Ev. Cl. A.M. Overcast—heavy rain. P.M. Dark heavy clouds—distant thunder. Ev. Cloudy, with showers, and thunder.
⊙ 19	29.806	29.798	64.7	29.730	29.724	67.0	58	05.7	60.3	68.2	54.6	66.8	.069	S	{ Cloudy—light breeze throughout the day. Evening, The same.
M 20	29.788	29.782	66.2	29.746	29.740	68.7	60	07.7	66.2	69.7	56.2	69.7	.263	SE	{ Cloudy—light breeze with occasional light rain throughout the day. Evening, Cloudy.
T 21	29.696	29.690	71.0	29.674	29.666	69.3	58	07.3	65.8	68.7	59.3	76.3	.077	SSE	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and breeze. P.M. Cloudy—brisk wind. Evening, Cloudy—light showers.
○ W 22	29.824	29.818	75.6	29.772	29.766	70.0	59	08.8	65.7	71.0	56.8	83.6	.027	W	{ A.M. Fine—lt. clouds & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & breeze. P.M. Fine—lt. clds.

Note.—The daily observations are recorded just as they are read off from the scale, without the application of any correction whatever.



## THE PAINTER'S DESPAIR.

THE summer's sun had filled, with all its glory,  
A temple whence the worshippers were gone;  
But 'mid its marbles (rich in sculptured story)  
A young and weary pilgrim lingered on:  
He lingered not to gaze on tombs around him,  
Nor bend before the holy shrine in prayer;  
For strangely mighty was the spell that bound him,  
Where glowed the painter's bright creation there:  
A saintly scene of old and solemn splendour,  
Such as the masters of the canvas cast  
Around that ancient faith, whose golden grandeur  
Gleamed through the iron ages of the past.  
Its fame had reached him in his distant dwelling,  
And woke the thirst of soul that sleeps no more;  
And now he gazed upon it, but the swelling  
Of the heart's gladness seemed for ever o'er:  
And yet the brightest dreams of fancy faded,  
Before the glory found, like Rome of old,  
A mightier far than ever fame portrayed it:  
Now had the altar of his love grown cold;  
For he had loved and laboured, with the fervour  
That warms the painter and the poet's dream,  
For both are of the muse; and while they serve her,  
Would build up Babel-like their tower of fame,  
Though founded but on air;—among the living  
Would leave some monument of deathless thought,  
That might survive the mortal but life-giving  
Hand, which its immortality had wrought.  
And such had been his hope; but now the vision  
Was gone; that image shone upon his heart  
Mighty and matchless, as the sun new risen;  
But in its light he saw his fame depart,  
And perish as the lily's early whiteness  
Before the yet unrivalled rose of June;  
Or rainbow's robe of many-coloured brightness  
Before the splendour of the summer noon.  
Alas, for all the shadows that have hidden  
The lights of life, for all the hearts that bore  
The reaper's toil, but found the fruit forbidden,  
Like him who said—Murillo is no more.\*

FRANCES BROWN.

## ON FRESCO PAINTING.

BY JOSEPH SEVERN, OF ROME.

ON a former occasion, (see *ante*, p. 405), I was not altogether aware of the difficulties that Fresco-painting might possibly have to encounter in its introduction into England: perhaps my enthusiasm on the subject had a little blinded me. Being seriously anxious for the success of the experiment, I think it better now to review some of those difficulties which Architecture, with Painting, hand in hand, may have to surmount. But, to lighten a disagreeable task, I propose also to advert to the bright side of the subject—I mean the union of Architecture and Fresco-painting, as regards invention. It is a melancholy reflection, admiring and loving fresco-painting as I do, for its high capabilities as applicable to England, that from mere caprice it may be spurned by our artists as well as the public. This may arise from the singular apathy which prevails in this country with respect to painting as an intellectual art, as a moral power. Yet when the great simplicity of painting is considered, its universal language, as addressed alike, without the difficulty of translation, to all nations,—to the learned and ignorant,—to children, to babes,—to all,—it must be felt as a great power,—and one, in this country, never fairly exercised; if indeed it has ever been exercised at all, which I doubt.

This English apathy with regard to painting as a moral power is such, that at this moment I know of nothing but the novelty of fresco-painting likely to recommend it to my countrymen; for, unless it can give "good things and understanding too," it will be regarded merely for its material interest, and not as the facile means of conveying a new and solid pleasure in opening the wondrous resources of Art, and making Painting rank with Poetry and Philosophy as a moral agent. More money is spent on the arts in England from one end of the year to the other than was ever spent before, or is distributed in any other country, or, perhaps, even in all other countries put together. But, in converse ratio to the money, is the time given to the arts. This is assuredly less than is devoted to any other intellectual pursuit: and here I

come to the great evil,—an evil for which I see no remedy but state patronage. The generality of English pictures are produced by our artists, without due consideration of the decorum and power of the art, and are of course looked at in the same light by the public; but when once a tone and a taste are given, by Government protection, and its connexion with architecture, there is then some hope that these vast annual sums will be properly expended, that our homes will be adorned with instructive ornaments, and a new delight experienced by the English people. Without this, I fear that Fresco, with all its capabilities,—the good it will do to oil-painting in the education of the artists,—the noble way it will call up the splendour of past English history,—the opportunities it will give us to vie with foreign nations in the higher branches of Art,—I fear that all these advantages may be lost, and Painting become subordinated to the upholsterer, who will reap the hard earnings of the artist, and take all the credit of his labours. So much we have to fear from the apathy of the artists and the ignorance of the public; for they may go on as they do now, charging each other with want of capacity, until the upholsterer steps in, like the lawyer in the oyster ball, eats up the prize and gives an empty shell to each!

To avert this consummation, the first experiment must be made in an entire work—in a complete composition, bringing fairly together on a large scale all the powers of Fresco, in which it excels every other manner of painting. Thus developed, I am certain some fine point of our history would strike every one by its simplicity and grandeur, two things unknown in our Art now. I see, even at this moment, "in my mind's eye" young Richard the Second riding up to the rebellious crowd as their new leader and king, whilst Wat Tyler sinks confounded in death under the heroic blow of the Mayor,—then the consternation and doubt in the King's attendants at the result, contrasted with the panic of the crowd,—the action taking place in a large open space, admitting the takers, the horses, and even the buildings of the time. Some such subject, fairly and honestly wrought, would insure the success of Fresco. The English have too much love for dramatic history in books not to like it equally in painting, but it must be in a picture suited to them. I cannot but think that the adaptation of fresco to our English purposes and feelings is the only way to extend the sphere of history painting, as the powers it affords invention are greater than those admitted by oil-painting, and includes so many things in common with architecture. Nay, it is not too much to anticipate the creation among us of a new style of art, since the materials we have to work up and upon, seem to be almost untouched. I think I am correct in observing that, as a people, we always search for something like a story in all works of Imagination, and appreciate most of all the things which help to illustrate the story. This is an excellent groundwork for the British heroic fresco-painter. I think also, as I have been speaking of our ignorance of high art, I may fairly add, that our love for the other and lower walks of art has not been fairly noticed or appreciated, certainly not turned to account. During my absence from home, I was taught to believe that the English were dull and careless about the arts in every way, showing no feeling but the bad one of mutilating statues and scraping pictures; but my own eyes have taught me that these assertions are untrue. Consider the paying crowds in the exhibitions;—is not this a strong example of love for the arts? Count the numbers who visit so respectfully Windsor and Hampton Court;—is not this a genuine sign? Nay, take the more humble spectators who congregate and buzz about the print-shops, like "bees about a honey-crook,"—and shall we not find in them symptoms of the most ardent love and the most elegant taste, if it were cultivated by education?

Now Fresco is to aid this cultivation, inasmuch as it will extend the art to History, and connect it with Architecture; thus giving a purpose and a significance to Painting, since I conclude the object of the building will always extend to the subject of the pictures. A succession of subjects illustrating the lives of our heroes will be demanded. The story, for instance, of our Alfred would thus form a kind of epic poem in painting when done in architectural fresco, since the pictures may be united into a series, not only by

the progressive relation of incidents, but by appropriate ornaments still further illustrating the period. A suite of rooms in this way may be made as one, through which the gazer may walk with the same mental profit as he enjoys in reading History, for they will afford him a kind of animated reading at a glance.

Painting represents only one moment of time, but that moment comprehends the past and the future, since both must be implied to make the present action intelligible. Unless the subject admits of this, all the force of expression and the variety of character, all the costumes, the architecture, and the landscape are thrown away, for all must be seen at a glance, and that glance must take in the whole subject. Hence I conceive Painting is the most natural and simple of the arts, and the best suited to convey a moral. How proud shall we feel to see the noble deeds of our forefathers warming up the walls of those buildings which are the result of those deeds,—to see our Alfred, when a fugitive, singing to the Danes, and then conquering them,—to see him modelling his little ships, and then building up his empire,—to see him constructing a lantern and a clock,—translating the Holy Scriptures,—and compiling the laws of England, which still are standing like the rock of his own immortal fame, even to our days,—the second thousand years bringing out their value tenfold. What heroic subjects are there to compare with this? for, while it has all the abstract beauty and sublimity of the true heroic, even to the charms of antiquity, it is at the same time about us—it is the element of the glorious liberty we live in—it is the power which has extended our empire round the world, in peace and liberty, in religion and philosophy. What bosom can be insensible to such deeds when they are represented on a scale worthy of their grandeur? but this can only be accomplished when Painting is assisted by Architecture, when it has the aid of grand proportions,—when its figures are life-size at least,—when its backgrounds are ample,—but most of all when the use of the building it adorns has suggested the choice of subject.

It is true that the art of painting is only to be acquired by years of devoted attention, but this does not apply so much to the inventive as to the mechanical part. The story told by a picture should be intelligible to all. I can well remember, when a boy, the strong impression made on me by the Cartoons of Raffaello, which raised an interest and curiosity in my mind that led me not only to read the particular chapters explaining the important scripture subjects they present, but also to begin anew the entire reading of the Bible, with the first love I felt for it, and certainly the first intelligence about it. To those who infer that no benefit can come from the fine arts I would address these remarks, for it is possible that when Raffaello has given us those immortal pictures, more than sermons, that we should still look down on the art as a thing merely sensual? Is it possible that the dying Ananias, extended on the ground before the Apostles, who call down the vengeance of Heaven on his uncharitable lie,—whilst even, when his horror-struck friends fall back from him, his unconscious wife behind is still counting the money which is purchasing for her the same fearful doom—can be beheld by any religious man without awe? If so, I am sure he would sleep over the best sermon on the subject.

The true object of historical painting is to compress into one compact whole all the important points which in books are scattered up and down through many pages, so that the entire power of the subject shall strike at a glance. This is completely done in Raffaello's splendid composition of St. Paul preaching at Athens. Here, the whole subject, which in the New Testament occupies a long chapter, is concentrated in a single look. We enter the picture by the steps whereon the Apostle is standing with upraised arms, communicating that divinity which inspires him. We distinguish the various Athenians congregated about him. Dionysius and Damaris in the foreground are in the moment of conversion to the Christian doctrine of the Resurrection, and the similarity of their attitude to the Apostle himself at once implies that they believe his doctrine, and receive the Holy Spirit. Near them is the Stoic, who ponders over the resurrection of the body, more puzzled how it can

\* The exclamation of Murillo on seeing a picture by one of the great masters.

be, than questioning that it is. The Cynic stands next, leaning on his crutch, and listening with an ironical sneer. The elegant Epicurean smiles incredulously. Beyond are congregated the disputants of the Academy, lost in their own opinions, save those of Plato's school, who show an elevated attention. Contrasted with this is the rankling malice of the Rabbi—the Magician's mysterious glance. And all these various persons are assembled on the Hill of Mars, as described in the 17th chap. of the Acts of the Apostles. Now it must be evident to any one who will be at the pains to examine this sublime work, that no description can produce the instantaneous effect of seeing all the persons brought together in one scene. Is it possible that a work approaching so near to the sacred description itself, and partaking of its sacred character, should not claim our deepest attention? Yet it rarely gets any attention. At Hampton Court may be seen crowds passing heedlessly through the room which contains these, the finest works of Raffaello, who have perhaps bestowed hours of attention on everything else. Why is this? It is the mistaken locality. It is that these works, which are of the most sacred character, should be shown in a sacred place, which would inspire a devotional feeling, necessary for the entire understanding as well as the feeling of their thoughtful beauty; for how few persons are there, even amongst the high and educated, who are able to abstract themselves so suddenly from the profane so as to appreciate these PICTORIAL SERMONS, in the midst of Art's gay profanities, which on every side surround them. It is too much to expect that Raffaello's Cartoons should duly arrest the attention, placed as they are at Hampton Court. I remember another example of the truth I would express. The late gifted historical painter, Hilton, produced a fine work of the Crucifixion, which was admirably painted, designed, expressed, and on a sufficiently large scale. This picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and excited little or no attention; it was not even (as I am assured) noticed at the grand annual banquet, when all the most distinguished personages of the state are present. This I also find natural and proper; for how was it possible to look in a right spirit on the agony of our dying Saviour, in the midst of a splendid and social festival, or even in an Exhibition made up of happy smiling ladies and courteous gentlemen? Now this brings me to the great good of painting being united to architecture, in the introduction of Fresco, where in becoming part of the walls it must of necessity partake of the object of the building. Of this good I will mention one singular and signal example. That noble picture by Leonardo da Vinci, in the Milan Convent of Santa Maria della Grazia, representing the 'Last Supper,' is almost unintelligible to us as a composition, without due consideration of its locality. This is admirably pointed out by Goethe. He saw the Refectory with all its religious members at their solemn meal. Opposite to the picture stood the prior's table, the monks sitting down the hall on the right and left; so that you will perceive at once that the painter in the composition endeavoured to make his great work fill up characteristically the other end of the room. No doubt he made it correspond in everything—the table-cloth with the corners tied up, the dishes and the drinking-cups of the time and place. By this interpretation is answered the objection continually made, that the figures are all sitting on one side of the table, for the monks always sit so in a Refectory. I cannot bear to allude to this wondrous work without speaking of its deep and impressive character. When you stand before it you almost hear the tremendous secret which our Lord declares at the supper—"I say unto you, one of you which eateth with me shall betray me!" Now who would believe a picture could represent such a moment, unless he had such a work? The dreadful accusation falls upon every one save the beloved disciple John, and at once calls forth the varied expressions of men accused of such treachery. The gazer may easily make out each Apostle by his individual character and expression, as each one endeavours to show his innocence of the charge. Judas is known by the money bag, and by his knocking over the salt. What an appropriate subject for a Refectory! The well known story told by Wilkie of a similar picture in Spain, will serve to show the great moral of such

a work. An aged monk, observing him unusually interested, said to him, "Ah! you cannot feel the interest I feel in that picture, for I have sat before it at my meals some seven and forty years, and such are the changes which have taken place in Spain, so many companions have come and gone in the time, everything changing but that picture, that when I look upon it and its solemn company, I almost believe in truth they are the substance, and we but the shadow." There can be no doubt that Hilton's picture of the 'Crucifixion' lost as much as Leonardo da Vinci's gained, by the locality and its associations.

Following out the same principle, we may thus have pictures adapted to the church, the palace, the theatre, the exchange, the hospital, and even to the private dwelling. Each will suggest its own just and proper association to Painting. I am certain that the art, in its highest destinies, is greatly dependent on Architecture, which best awakens those associations necessary to its appreciation.

Again, are we not dependent on Painting for the precise representation of places which we have never seen? Can anything be dearer to us than painting in its remembrance of the illustrious dead, or those who were dear to us? Are we not dependent upon it and sculpture for the very existence of Antiquity? have we not the most distant climes at our fire-sides, and the people of the Antipodes made our very companions? and yet what I have enumerated, are but the limited performances of Painting, and in no way to be compared with its achievements when it raises itself to the representation of History on historical walls. Is it not wonderful to have realized to our sight the actual scenes of the past;—to have the persons of bygone ages alive again, their proper selves, and in full action, expressing their noblest deeds? Were the art realizing such powers, such delights, a new discovery, it would be crowned as the immortal flower of the world,—as a supernatural power, re-creating the world which is past. But, dulled and kept down as it has been by its servitude to common uses, in a commercial and a political society, it only now begins to look up for emancipation in the midst of general improvement. It begins to spurn the prison walls of an exhibition-room,—it longs, it demands to be free like the other arts. We used to be told, that the African slave was an inferior being, and only fitted even for servitude by blows instead of laws; by a like injustice has the art of historical painting been depreciated in this country to a mechanical level, worth only to point out the alehouse and the gin palace.

But are not those who bring forward such charges, wilfully mistaken? Can such works as the Cartoons of Raphael be passed over with indifference? have they not a claim on our sacred sympathies? Are we not rejecting in part our blessed religion, when we reject this powerful resemblance of it? for how can our senses receive the impression of the one, and not of the other? I tremble at my own rashness in saying this; for in this country, if there are works of art in a church, we are not allowed even to look on them. In our cathedrals rails and men are employed to prevent us from taking more than a glance even of those monuments erected at the cost of the nation. We may take a hurried look, in the week days, but are never allowed to read an inscription, or to linger on our way. Such a system is only worthy a conquered people, whom it is feared to inspire with their nationality; such things are intelligible in Poland, where it is thought expedient to extinguish even the native language, but I cannot imagine the object here. I would fain hope that a pictorial Wilberforce may rise up with fresco-painting, and emancipate us from these slavish customs, by opening the public buildings, even to the churches, and showing the public monuments freely. Here would be a new and powerful source of education to an inquiring people like the English;—the government, the church, the laws, and the people, would be thus brought nearer together by the arts; and in showing how many illustrious individuals have arisen from the lowest ranks, the most powerful incentive would be offered to the ambition of all endowed by nature with genial impulses and generous feelings.

Another slavish prejudice to be done away with by the union of Architecture and Painting is, our

narrow-minded custom of allowing a man to do, or to understand, only one single thing, when the services of Professors generally are required in divers things. Professors may acquire knowledge, but woe betide them if they attempt to assist in the one particular thing which they profess! For this I cannot account, as in all ages,—save our own,—a man useful to the public has been expected to possess a kind of universal knowledge to assist him even in his own particular branch, so that he might be at the public command on any emergency. It would seem very odd now, if the State were to call on the Duke of Wellington to take his brush and commence the Fresco painting in the new Houses of Parliament; and yet such a call was not uncommon in the fifteenth century. We hear of Michael Angelo summoned from his labours in the Sistine chapel, to prepare without delay the fortifications of Florence, then expecting a siege. We hear also of Leonardo da Vinci, on being invited to paint for the Duke of Milan, beginning his labours by making canals and bridges:—and yet, I apprehend, his sublime picture of the Last Supper did not suffer from this abstraction, for it still remains a miracle of art; or, that Michael Angelo's fortifications did not help the less to save the city, although he was painting fresco just before at Rome. This universal knowledge is one of the characteristics of the fifteenth century all over Europe. We find similar examples in our own country in the time of Elizabeth, particularly in the class of soldier-poets, and such like men, even music being included in the accomplishments of a complete gentleman. I do not insist now on the necessity of possessing this variety of power; but I would declare, as regards Painting, that our present slender circumscribed knowledge can never produce historical painters, or even their patrons. It must be universal knowledge and love of the arts, not only as regards itself, but as regards its connexion with all other arts and sciences. I want to see my deserving countrymen, the English painters, ranking with the best, and British Painting arm-in-arm with Poetry and Philosophy, which it is not now, in place of grubbing among the mechanical trades, with an exhibition room here and there, as a house of call for painters and glaziers." The liberal encouragement of Painting must be advanced, not by our painters shutting themselves up and prowling about with it a secret, save on the temptation of a five-guinea lesson: no; the casket must be unlocked and the key thrown away, and the public instructed in the principles of Art. There are no secrets in Art; though Art is not to be understood without an effort on the part of the public, and is only to be acquired by artists after long years of ardent and sincere study. The greatness of Painting must be in its difficulty, and not in its secrecy. It must be in its principles and not in its vehicles; the public must become, as it were, a scholar to the painter. And why not? Why should not the artists themselves try to mould and form that love which, I am certain, exists in the English people, into something like knowledge?

In the education of painters, Fresco will exercise all these good influences, inasmuch as it tends to raise them to a true sense of the universality of painting. It must give them, in a pecuniary point of view, the sustained though moderate reward of years of constant employment, instead of the intoxicating, lottery, chance system of the present day. We shall now have the excellent old Italian plan of master and scholar, as in the production of such extensive works many must be employed, and the result will be advantageous to both; this we know was the greatness of Raffaello, whose scholars partake his fame, and so on down to Rubens, and his scholar Vandyke.

Another great result will be to emancipate the art from the trammels of booksellers, who, for more than half a century, have made inventive painting subservient to their speculating purposes as a mere trade. This has kept historical art back in comparison with the many things in which England surpasses the rest of the world: for what can be more servile than the vicious system of ornamenting books, in which the greatest English painters have exhausted and consumed their minds with little fame and less fortune? We have but to point to Stothard as a sad example; he is said to have



man to do, when the required knowledge is sought else-where?—save our- selves, even expected to assist him at his might- ous emergency. It were to call a brush and a House of Commons an uncommon Angel in time chapel, ons of Fi- nance also of point for the by making, his sub- ject suffer from a miracle of ions did not e paint- is univer- sal the fifteenth- ular exam- zabeth, pu- and such like accomplish- ment insist now of power; ing, that our can never their patrons, of the arts, in connexion to see my- ers, ranking arm-in-arm is not now, ical trades, ere, as "a The liberal- vanced, not and prowling- tation of a- ust be un- the public ere are no understood and is only- ardent and- must be in- must be in- the public painter. ists them- which, I am something

ill exercise tends to versality of- iary point reward of- of the in- cident day, an plan of of such ex- , and the we know- olars par- s, and his- te the art more than- ting sub- is a mere in compa- and sur- be more- menting- uth have- ith little to point- to have

produced some five thousand inventions in this way! The art has sunk under such baneful influence, and when pandering to the book trade in *Annals* and such trash, has ceased to be worthy the name of Painting. This state of things does not exist anywhere but in England, and is one of the reasons why we have not been able to make another grand age of Art. But our painters must now turn their attention to the ornamenting of buildings, and not books.

The State itself must deal in Painting and Engraving, and directly reward the artist, if it desires to have art that shall be worthy the English name. This may be done with the outlay of comparatively small sums, indeed it cannot be by the actual money expended, so well as by the direct intercourse of the highest personages in the country with the artist, by a kind of friendly and cheap patronage (if I may so express it), whereby the artist is drawn out of his own narrow circle, and paints not only his own mind, but the mind of his patron. This can only be done effectually in national subjects, and I know well that the Munich artists have always worked, and prefer to work, for their intelligent King, at a moderate rate, to being employed at double the sum by unintelligent persons. Even as regards his fame, the artist is content on the score of being employed by his sovereign. It is a great mistake in this country to suppose that the encouragement of the Arts by the State would be an expensive thing. To get private patronage the English artist is obliged to make an expensive tradesmanlike figure—this not only takes up half his time, but it takes all his money; whereas the simplicity of his life, were he publicly employed, would enable him to bestow double the time on his works, give them, of course, more study and perfection, and create a higher style of art. No doubt, the true reward of an artist is the interest his patron takes in the work. Do we not hear of the restless anxiety of Pope Julius to see Michael Angelo's unfinished paintings? Did not the Emperor Charles V. find time, amidst his active life, to cress Titian, and learn the art from him? And thus it was with Da Vinci and other great artists, whose inventions were quickened, and whose patience sustained, by such an honourable sympathy. For how can an artist excel in a work "where dawn the high expression of a mind," if, when complete, it is to be received into his patron's house like a chair or a table? Pounds, shillings, and pence can never stand for Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture: we must have patronage, study and love. In a country where the historical plays of Shakspeare are still listened to, and where the people never tire of hearing Handel's oratorios, there can be no despair of historical painting being encouraged, when it is properly put before the public, for it requires as great a mental effort to relish the one as the other. English painting is far behind these. We are in it what the ancients were in geography, when they believed the earth to be a plane surface. We are afraid to go to the real boundaries of Art, and so we coast it along, like cowards, from place to place, as though there were no such thing as the loadstone of Art—as a painter's compass. Let us look for remedy in enlightenment. Fresco is the fearless guide, and, with design for our helm, we shall soon be gloriously sailing on the independent sea of Art.

#### CHINESE COLLECTION, HYDE PARK CORNER.

The merits of this Exhibition cannot be appreciated in a single visit; it is at once a guide to the history of the largest empire, and the mind of the most numerous nation known to history. From the moment that we pass the vestibule, we feel that we are in a new world. The spacious saloon, its elaborate carvings of screen-work, the embroidered silks floating from its columns, the immense decorative lanterns suspended from its ceilings, and the magnificent display in the cases disposed through the whole length of the room, seem to realize those imaginings of the gorgeous East, which have haunted us like dreams of childhood. We seem to be in the China of the Arabian Nights—a realized world of Fancy, and we move about in a state of doubtful consciousness, what we see mingling with what we dream, until it is scarcely possible to distinguish observation from speculation.

We first pause before the Chinese Temple, con-

taining the idols of the past, present, and future Buddha. Whence comes this notion of a Trind which is found in so many of the oriental religions;—among the ancient Egyptians, the various sects of the Hindús, and apparently among the followers of Zoroaster? The character of the religion is stamped upon the images of its deities; conceit of superior sanctity, absence of sympathy for joy or sorrow,—a religion void of fear, hope, and love—whose final lesson is, "from nothing all have sprung, and to nothing all must return." Comparing the Chinese with the Burmese idol of Buddha, and with that exhibited in the Cingalese collection at Exeter Hall some years ago, we find that the Chinese have not preserved the negro-cast of features which the other representations display in a very marked manner; we also noted that the shrine did not contain any representations of Buddha's trials and temptations in the wilderness during the period of his probation. We may, however, mention, that there is a very beautiful model of a Buddhist Temple in the Museum of the Asiatic Society, in which the principal actions of Buddha's life appear delineated on the walls of the sanctuary, and we recommend it to the notice of all who wish to become acquainted with the nature of this influential creed.

Turn we next to the Chinese Mandarins, in their dresses of state. The distinctive mark of nobility in China, is a button on the top of the conical cap. "Not worth a button" is a phrase pregnant with meaning in the Celestial Empire: antiquarians must determine whether we imported the proverb. On a silk scroll near the principal mandarin is inscribed a maxim, worthy of a place in all Cabinets of State—"A nation depends on faithful ministers for its tranquillity."

What have we next? Two gentlemen in mourning, literally wearing sack-cloth; their shoes are white, that being the colour appropriated to grief in China; their hair and beard are permitted to grow unshaven. This neglect of the hair was also an attribute of sorrow in ancient Egypt, save when there was mourning for the loss of a favourite cat, and then the disconsolate proprietor shaved his left eyebrow. Two priests are with the mourners; one of them belongs to the Taoou, or Rational sect, and is just such a person as we should expect to preach Laou-keun-Tze's epicurean doctrine, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." There are also two soldiers, one armed with a matchlock, the other with a bow. The bow is the more formidable weapon of the two; a company of raw militia would defeat a host of such awkward fellows as the holder of the matchlock, if they had no better arms than his clumsy weapon.

Literature, nominally at least, is more highly honoured in China, than in any other quarter of the globe. The whole empire is a university, and all its offices are bestowed upon literary merit. "Plucking" is with them a term for passing successfully through the ordeal of an examination. There are three literati here, who have graduated with honour; one of them carries a snuff-bottle, to which a little shovel is attached, in order that the pungent dust may not soil his fingers. The library is well furnished, and a mandarin is listening to a moral lecture, which one of the philosophers is reading from a translation of *Æsop's Fables*. Either the pipe which the mandarin is enjoying, or the lecture, is producing a most soporific effect; indeed, it seems as if pipe and sermon would end in smoke.

And here is a company of Chinese Ladies, with their tiny feet, unfit for walking, their pipes prepared for smoking, and their servants bringing in the cups which "cheer but not inebriate." It is a clear case of "scandal, tea, and tobacco;" not a note will be heard from the guitar which one of them has just taken in hand, but it is to be feared that there will be some need for the fan which another is flirting.

Next comes the Green Room, with a Chinese Kean ready to step on the stage, and two boys prepared to perform the part of female characters. The Chinese are as intolerant of actresses as our own ancestors used to be. There is also a Chinese juggler, but we have seen their best tricks very recently, and so we pass on.

Itinerant barbers, blacksmiths, and shoemakers travel about China, as they did in Lancashire and Yorkshire not more than a century ago. There was a man not long since alive in Rochdale, who remem-

bered Sir Richard Arkwright as an itinerant vender of wigs, and so celebrated for his skill in dressing both wigs and hair, that the parsons of the district would not trust their wigs to any other hand. The huge bamboo hats hanging against the walls would save all the expenses of umbrellas, and be far more effective. There are two boatwomen,—an amphibious race very numerous in China, and bearing a greater resemblance to a mermaid than a syren.

An English mob demolished the first sedan-chair ever introduced into London: it belonged to the proud Duke of Somerset, and the objection made to it was, that it turned men into beasts of burthen. The Chinese sedan is more ostentatiously objectionable in this respect, and in the narrow streets of Canton it is a nuisance. In the collection of Chinese jests published in France, there is a parallel to Joe Miller's story of the Officer and the Quaker. Two mandarins of equal rank met in their sedans; it was impossible to pass, and neither would go back: one exhibited his resolution to persevere by taking out a book and commencing to read; the other, after waiting for a considerable time in reverie, said to his rival,—"when you have done with that book, I should be obliged by your lending it to me; but take your own time, I am in no hurry."—The reading mandarin of course gave way.

A richly-furnished pavilion gives a very favourable notion of the taste displayed in Chinese interiors, and several cases exhibit great varieties of screens, fans, vases, and embroidered cloths: but we pass these by, to turn to the China and Silk shops of Canton. On the door-post and counter of the China-shop we find a tablet, stating, "priests and beggars are not allowed to enter here;" a singular illustration of the low estimation in which the priesthood is held in most Buddhist countries. This may account for the hatred with which the Brahmins view the Buddhist doctrines. The shop of the silk-mercer is not unlike some of the small establishments which we find in English country-towns; but the goods are more neatly arranged, and the shop has a greater appearance of business-like habits.

This is enough for a first stroll; but, before going out, we could wish that the proprietors would, for one night at least, dispense with the gas, and illuminate the hall with their magnificent Chinese lanterns,—it would have a gorgeous effect. We may also here remark, in reference to the suggestions we threw out last week, when referring to Mr. Wise's notion for a National Museum, that it would be no difficult matter for the English government to establish a Geographical Museum, in which a separate apartment might be assigned to each great division of the human race. How interesting would it be to have a Hindú Collection similar to the Chinese; most of the materials for it exist already in the country, and require only to be brought together!

#### COMPETITIONS IN GENERAL, AND THAT FOR THE WILKIE MONUMENT IN PARTICULAR.

WHETHER it be the same in other countries, and to the same extent, we are unable to say, but certain it is, that in this, public Competitions, equally for buildings and works of art, are a continual source of grievance and complaint; and the decision on such occasions is almost certain to be protested against, and the system itself denounced, as one injurious both to the public and to artists; and as leading almost inevitably to collusion, chicanery, favouritism, and disappointment. The disappointment, however, in no way concerns us or the public. The only question in which we are interested is, how far Competition is advantageous, by tending to advance art, by stimulating artists, and by affording opportunities for talent to emerge from obscurity. If Competition frequently fails to give us that which is good, certain it is, that No-Competition has often thrust upon us very mediocre works, such as could hardly have been selected had Competition taken place, and been fairly conducted, with singleness of purpose, namely, to select the best design offered. But here lies the difficulty! a difficulty which we have over and over again said ought, long ere this, to have been taken into consideration by the Institute of British Architects, or the Council of the Royal Academy. To say that it is difficult to devise and afterwards enforce such regulations as would correct the present abuses in the system, is anything but an excuse for not attempting it; since it is the

known difficulty which calls for the interference of such associated bodies; which, if they are to be of any service, ought especially to watch over the interests of the profession and of the arts they profess to represent.

Leaving the artists to consider how the abuses complained of may be practically corrected, we are and have often declared ourselves of opinion, that collusion and other mal-practices would be considerably checked by greater publicity in the proceedings on such occasions, and greater responsibility on the part of those on whom the choice devolves. Needless secrecy is so far from being calculated to remove suspicion, that it affords an opportunity for imputing sinister influence and manœuvring where, perhaps, no such unworthy feelings existed. When intentions are honest, and proceedings conducted fairly, why should they be wrapped up in mystery? Admitting, however, that there are no grounds for attributing anything dishonourable, any undue favouritism, or any sort of bad faith, to a committee, it does not exactly follow that the public either is, or ought to be, satisfied with its decision. The choice may have been made without favour or affection, entirely according to merit, that is, according to what appeared to be such; yet it is but poor satisfaction to know, that gentlemen have decided according to the very best of their judgment, if the result proves that judgment to have been very bad at the best. As matters are managed on such occasions at present, the result only is known: one injurious consequence of which is, that though the members are relieved from individual responsibility, each and all must share alike the discredit, should there happen to be any, although arising from a decision against which the individual may, perhaps, have strongly protested. It is surely desirable to know what proportion the majority and minority of votes bear to each other, and further, who are the parties who have been either in favour of or opposed to the design which has been adopted: for although one man's vote tells for just as much as another's, there may be a very great difference indeed, in regard to the value of their opinions. Taste may be left in a very awful minority; and though the arguments by which it has defended its choice may not have been impugned, or even an attempt made to controvert its judgment, it may have been overwhelmed by a preponderance of silent votes. It would surely be a more rational mode of proceeding were each member to deliver his vote in writing, stating at the same time his reasons for his decision. Some regulation of the sort could hardly fail of salutary effect; it would, at all events, lead to a little more caution and consideration; and we should then know, what it is at present often quite impossible even to guess at, namely, what reasons, or show of reason, could be adduced in support of the decision arrived at. Nor would it, perhaps prove the least benefit of this mode of proceeding, that it might deter some presumptuous blockheads from thrusting themselves forward on such occasions.

Competitions, unless they are grossly belied, have in many instances, been only nominally such—a mere cloak to some piece of jobbery, the whole matter having been arranged and the result decided upon beforehand. It is not, indeed, to be supposed, in such cases, that all the members composing a committee have lent themselves to a transaction so utterly void of good faith and principle. No: there is a curtain behind a curtain, and it is within the inner sanctum that those operations, which will not bear the light, are concocted and carried on. To those who have not been initiated into such mysteries, it will appear improbable that there should be any show of competition at all, with the fussiness attending it, unless it be meant to be a *bona fide* one. What inducement, it may be said, can there be for resorting to such roundabout, crooked, tortuous mode of proceeding? In the first place, there is all the bustling importance attached to the whole affair: again, a Competition both looks and sounds well with the public; it may have been demanded, and at any rate it affords proof presumptive that the "Committee" are willing to afford opportunity to talent, and anxious to secure the very best model or design for the intended work. They, the Committee, can, of course, have no design of their own, nor be influenced by other motive than the patriotic one of encouraging merit and advancing art. The innocent, unsuspecting public, take this

for granted, and, however miscible the design, assume that it was the best that was offered. Yet it has more than once been whispered, that successful parties have been privately furnished with fuller instructions than the rest of the competitors; and certain it is, that the instructions are usually so loose and vague, that a pretext is afforded for rejecting a superior design on the score of its not fulfilling some condition set forth obscurely in the programme, or for making choice of what cannot be shown to have ought to recommend it, save some circumstance which, if important, should, in fairness, have been insisted on at the outset. When we consider the very short time generally allowed the competitors for preparing their designs, it certainly does not look as if those who issued the instructions were in earnest—at least, not as if they at all understood that, besides time for actually making designs, some should be allowed for mature study of the subject. The consequence of such precipitancy is, that artists are obliged to adopt first ideas, without either correcting or maturing them; and it should be borne in mind, that although drawings and models may be carefully executed, the ideas may be crude and unfinished, certainly less perfect than they would have been, but for the hurry with which they are demanded. This is the more vexatious, because it frequently turns out afterwards, that there was no occasion for hurry at all, but that double or even treble the time might have been allowed without, in the slightest degree, retarding the work. The Royal Exchange, for example, might have been nearly completed by this time, had an entire twelvemonth been allowed the competitors for preparing their designs; and a similar remark applies to the Nelson Monument.

If we may believe a Correspondent, whose letter we shall now quote, a very recent Competition—that for the Wilkie Monument (briefly adverted to in the *Athenæum*, July 9th)—by no means shows an improvement in the system of conducting such matters:

"The Wilkie Competition appears to have been a strangely hurried off-hand affair, managed with very reprehensible carelessness, and open to the suspicion of something much worse, as will hardly be questioned after what I am about to state, and for its correctness I can vouch with tolerable confidence. The sculptors who competed for the work were seven in number, viz. Marshall, Watson, Weekes, Joseph, Lough, Campbell, and Bailly; but, strange to say, although the three last-mentioned artists did not withdraw from the Competition, they did not produce either drawings or models: therefore it is difficult to surmise on what grounds they could hope to have even a chance for success. Not less strange is it that no other designs were exhibited to the Committee at the meeting at the Thatched House Tavern, July 2nd, when the decision was made, than those by Marshall, Watson, and Weekes; for though Mr. Joseph had prepared two, and they were at hand in another room, neither of them was allowed to be brought in for the purpose of being compared with those which were shown, notwithstanding that some of the gentlemen present urged the propriety of doing so. To oppose this very reasonable proposition was certainly but a poor compliment to Mr. Joseph himself, on the part of his friends; yet, after all, it would probably have been only a form, an idle ceremony, which was well dispensed with, since the majority seem to have made up their minds beforehand, that whosoever might be the best design, Mr. Joseph should be the artist intrusted with the execution of the statue. It was no secret that votes had been promised to him before any of the designs had been seen, and it is said, and believed by me, that care had been taken to secure a majority in his favour, by admitting persons whose opinions were known, as members of the Committee, after the first meeting in June. Every other consideration, indeed, seems to have given way to that of the bestowing the work (the cost of which will be 1,600*l.*) on Mr. Joseph, without the slightest reference to the superiority or inferiority of his design. What Mr. Joseph's pretensions as an artist are, I have yet to learn, and time will disclose; for aught I know, he may be a highly deserving man, and so far merit the support he has received: but he might have been equally favoured in a more open and straightforward manner, with the same advantage to himself, and with less injustice and injury to his professional rivals, by being appointed in the first instance

to execute the statue. Mr. Joseph has now so far the advantage over his presumed competitors that, in the eyes of the public, he has triumphed over them in a public Competition; yet, as the vanquished, I might call them the *victims*: victims to a system of Competition, made up of simulation, and dissimulation, not very honourable to those concerned in it, and most ungenerous towards artists, whose hopes are excited, while there is not the slightest chance of success for them."

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

ON Saturday last, the first General Meeting of the members of the Metropolitan Improvement Society was held at the Society's rooms, 20, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, when a Report was read of the proceedings of the Committee since the formation of the Society in January last, from which we extract the following:—"Some time was necessarily devoted to the organization of the Society, and the consideration of the rules required for its government. When this duty was completed, the Committee commenced taking the proper steps to urge upon Government the importance of preparing a general plan of metropolitan improvement, founded upon an actual survey, with a view, not merely to ornamental embellishment, but to the sanitary state of the poorer districts, and the facilities required for commercial communication in crowded neighbourhoods. With this object, an interview was sought with Sir Robert Peel, and a deputation from the Society, headed by Lord Robert Grosvenor, waited upon the Minister on Wednesday, June 15th, and laid before him the views of the Society. The favourable result of this interview exceeded the expectations of the Committee. Sir Robert Peel stated that his own opinions coincided with the views of the deputation: that he certainly considered it desirable that, in the place of a Committee of the House of Commons, an efficient Board should be appointed to institute proper inquiries, and take a broad and comprehensive view of the whole subject. He further said, that the object was of so much importance that he did not think the consideration of a mere trifling expense should stand in the way, and he should probably not hesitate to propose such a grant as would be sufficient to render the inquiry effectual. The Committee have also turned their attention to the formation of a Library of Maps and Plans of the Metropolis, and have already received as donations some valuable maps of local districts and private estates, and have the promise of others. They expect, ere long, to render this collection a most valuable one, of great service to the Society, and of ultimate benefit to the public. The more important object, that of inducing Government to prepare a comprehensive plan of improvement, embracing the general interests of the metropolis, and founded upon an accurate survey—the Committee trust has been secured; but to this alone the Committee would not confine their attention: they would desire to extend their exertions to every point tending to the health, comfort, and well-being of this vast city. The Committee have already discussed the means of abating the nuisance arising from the smoke of furnaces, not only in the case of the great factories and breweries, but of the river steam-boats; and they observe, with satisfaction, that the Corporation of the City of London have, for some time past, been making active inquiries on this subject, and that societies at Manchester and Leeds have been formed with the same view. There are many other points to which the Committee would also desire to direct their early attention. They would wish at once to take such steps as might lead to a better legislation on matters connected with building, and to a revision of the Building Acts. They would desire especially to effect an improvement of the over-crowded and ill-drained neighbourhoods of the poor; to provide a better description of dwellings for the lower classes, and to adopt every other available means of checking the fearful mortality now raging in the poorer districts. They are anxious to impress the public mind with the fearful consequences arising from the burial of the dead in crowded places, and to encourage, as much as possible, cemeteries formed at a distance from the metropolis. The naming and numbering of streets should also engage the early attention of the Committee. Every one is not perhaps aware of the great public inconvenience resulting from the total aban-



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document of this branch of the duties of municipal administration to individual caprice; in illustration of this, however, it may be mentioned that in some streets there are sometimes five houses with the same number; and that in the commercial part of the metropolis alone, there are no fewer than twenty-eight King Streets, twenty Queen Streets, twenty-six Charles Streets, twenty-five Church Streets, twenty George Streets, and twenty-three John Streets, with numerous other examples of a corresponding character." Other and important objects have engaged the attention of the Committee, but to render their exertions effective, the influence and funds of the Society must be increased, and we trust this hint will be sufficient. We observed with much pleasure, that, on Monday last, Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons, in answer to a question put to him by Lord Robert Grosvenor, repeated the same statement of this view, which he had made to the deputation of the Society, as mentioned in the above Report.

We have more than once adverted to the probable and mischievous effects of the Art-Unions, now so much the fashion, unless some principle were adopted to insure a judicious selection of the prizes—but the possible extent of the mischief was certainly never dreamed of in our philosophy; for we now learn that the amount of the past year's subscription to the Irish Art-Union exceeded 3,500*l.*, being more than the price asked by the artists themselves for *all the pictures* in the Hibernian Academy, from which the subscribers were bound to make selection! Is not this one fact conclusive in favour of our argument? Is it not proof that there is enough and more than enough money expended on Art in this country—more, we firmly believe, than in all the rest of Europe together—and that the one thing wanting is sound judgment in the public—encouragement for artists, as distinguished from colourmen and sign-painters?

In connexion with this subject, we may advert to the proposed extension of the government School of Design. The Council of Education have decided on affording assistance for the establishment of like schools at Manchester, Birmingham, Norwich, York, and Coventry—assistance not to exceed in amount the sum subscribed by the several local committees.

According to the report in the daily papers, the Goodwood and the Chesterfield Cups, designed by Mr. Cotterell, come something nearer to British sympathies than the Ascot absurdity (*ante*, p. 547). The subject of the Goodwood Cup is from the ballad of Thomas the Rhymer, and represents "the first interview between Thomas the Rhymer and the Queen of the Fairy Land. The Fairy Queen on horseback, attended by her greyhounds, and, as the old ballad describes her, sometimes singing, sometimes sounding her hunting horn, challenges Thomas to salute her, which he ventures, and is afterwards obliged to follow her to Fairy Land, and sojourn there for a period of seven years. In the silver group Thomas the Rhymer is represented paying his *devoirs* to the Fairy Queen, who is gracefully seated on her palfrey. The subject of the Chesterfield Cup is connected with the history of Robert Bruce. Previous to the battle of Bannockburn, it is said that while marshalling his troops he was perceived to be separated a little from them, and was immediately charged by an English knight, named Sir H. de Bohun, who thought to gain distinction by slaying him. The King, however, by the dexterous management of his charger, avoided the intended thrust of the lance, and at the same time struck his adversary to the ground, exclaiming, it is reported, 'I have broken my good battle-axe.' In Mr. Cotterell's group the King and the Knight are represented engaged in active hostilities." Mr. Cotterell, we presume, is a Scotchman—for we do not see very clearly the immediate connexion between Thomas the Rhymer or Robert Bruce with the South of England.

Among the musical curiosities of the season, one of the last, but assuredly not the least, is the *Euphonicon*, a new keyed instrument, the invention, we believe, of Mr. Steward, but the property of Mr. Beale the music publisher. To describe it familiarly, its appearance is that of a *piccolo* pianoforte, with a harp growing out of it: at the back are three separate sound boards, which, allowing for a slight difference of shape, may be likened to as many *violoncelli* ranged in a row. The tension of the strings is removed

from this part of the instrument, and transferred to a metallic frame—a main cause of the wear and tear of pianos on the old construction being thus avoided: whence the inventors augur greater durability to the structure, and greater steadiness of intonation than has hitherto been attained. Time, of course, must decide the former quality: but the principle promises well. The tone produced is sweet and distinct, but somewhat close; especially so, we fancied in the tenor and bass octaves. But it *penetrates*: the sound of the instrument being more agreeable and more powerful to the distant listener, than to the performer. The touch is good—elastic; and, though not deep, having that resistance which a man's finger, we think, requires.

The following is a paragraph from a letter dated Bruges, written by a friend, who lingered for a few days in that fine old picturesque city, on his way to Germany:—"You no doubt remember that Charles the Second, during his exile and residence here, was elected king of the Company of Cross-bowmen, and that he presented to the society, which still exists, a handsome silver gilt cup and cover, and his own bust; and that two paintings have ever since graced the walls of the principal room of the society, representing Charles and his brother bestowing the prizes. These very interesting pictures, I am sorry to say, are fast falling into decay, from want of the commonest care. A hint from you might stir up the English residents here to attend to this; a coat of varnish would almost be sufficient to preserve them, and certainly the cost would not exceed a few shillings. The only thing wanting is time, to see that the restoration and repairs are done with care." We trust that this hint will be sufficient; and that, for its own credit, the Society of St. George will have these pictures properly attended to, and that the English members of the society and the residents in the city will exert themselves to effect this object. The pictures, though not of great intrinsic merit, are of interest to Englishmen, as we ourselves can testify, having more than once visited them.

The Paris papers announce the death of Baron Larrey, the eminent surgeon, on Monday last, at Lyons, in the arms of his son, who had accompanied him on his inspection of the troops in Africa, from which he was returning. Two days previously, Baroness Larrey, his wife, expired. The Baron was seventy-six years of age. He was a member of the Académie des Sciences and Inspecteur du Conseil de Santé des Armées. Commencing the career of his professional life in 1787, when he embarked for America as a surgeon in the Royal Navy, he continued it without interruption up to his last mission to Algiers, at the end of which he was heard to exclaim—"Nothing is now left me but to die!" They also mention that a medal is about to be struck in commemoration of the calamitous death of the Duke of Orleans, after a design by M. Montagny—one side of which will exhibit the bust of the Duke; the reverse will contain an urn surrounded with funeral ornaments, and a wreath, with the following quotation of a passage applied, by Tacitus, to Germanicus:—"Illcymabunt quondam florentem, et tot bellorum superstitem—etiam ignoti." (Nations yet unknown will weep for him, so prosperous once, and escaped from so many a war.) On the exergue will be preserved the touching words of the royal mother—"Nous étions trop heureux et trop fiers de lui; Dieu nous l'a enlevé." (We were too happy in him, and too proud of him; God has removed him.)

The antiquarian and bibliographical mission of M. Melchior Tiran, to search the libraries and archives of Spain, for documents throwing light upon French history, has already borne valuable fruits. M. Tiran has reported to the government his acquisition of many unpublished historical documents, relating chiefly to the Arabs of the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries, and to the reigns of Philip II., Charles II., and the period of the War of Succession. But the most important result is the purchase of six thousand documents, the most part in manuscript, from the Archives of the Inquisitor General. A government vessel is about to be despatched to Valencia, for the purpose of transporting these treasures into France; and M. Tiran, having ransacked Aragon, proceeds to his examination of the collections of the Castiles.

It is stated in the Paris papers, that five large cases

have arrived at the Palais des Beaux Arts from Algiers, containing bas-reliefs, pottery, and other antiquities discovered among the ruined buildings of that country. They are Roman remains, and said to be greatly admired by all the artists who have been admitted to examine them.

#### BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL-MALL.

The Gallery, with the WORKS of the late SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A., and a selection of PICTURES by ANCIENT MASTERS, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten in the Morning till Six in the Evening.—Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue 1*s.* William BARNARD, Keeper.

#### DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

The TWO PICTURES, now exhibiting, represent THE VILLAGE OF ALAGNA, in Piedmont, destroyed by an Avalanche, painted by M. BORTON; and THE SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY, at Bethlehem, painted by M. REKOUX, from a Sketch made on the spot by D. ROBERTS, R.A. in 1839. Both Pictures exhibit various effects of light and shade. Open from Ten till Five.

AFGHANISTAN.—Just OPENED, PANORAMA, Leicester-square, a comprehensive and interesting VIEW OF CABUL, including every object of interest in the city, the Bala Hissar, the river Cabul, with a distant view of the Himalaya Mountains and the Pass of Khund Cabul, where the British army was so treacherously destroyed. The whole illustrated by numerous groups of figures descriptive of the manners of the Afghans. The Views of the Battle of Waterloo and of Jerusalem, remain open.

THE CHINESE COLLECTION, St. George's-place, Hyde Park-corner.—This splendid Collection, consisting of objects exclusively Chinese, surpassing in extent and grandeur any similar display in the known world, entirely filling the spacious saloon, 225 feet in length, by 30 feet in width, embracing upwards of fifty groups as large as life, all fac-similes, in groups in their native costumes, from the highest mandarin to the blind mendicant in his patched garment; also many thousand specimens, both in natural history and miscellaneous curiosities, illustrating the appearance, manners, and customs of more than three hundred million Chinese, respecting whom the nations of Europe have had scarcely any opportunity of judging, is NOW OPEN for PUBLIC INSPECTION, from Ten in the Morning till Ten at Night. Admission, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Children 1*s.*

### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

#### ROYAL SOCIETY.

May 26, June 2.—The Marquis of Northampton, President, in the chair. T. Chapman, Esq., was elected a Fellow.

'On the Transparency of the Atmosphere, and the Law of Extinction of the Solar Rays in passing through it,' by James D. Forbes, Esq.—From the facts and reasonings of this paper, the author deduces, on the whole, the following conclusions:—The absorption of the solar rays by the strata of air to which we have immediate access is considerable in amount for even moderate thicknesses. The diurnal curve of solar intensity has, even in its most normal state, several inflections; and its character depends materially on the elevation of the point of observation. The approximations to the value of extra-atmospheric radiation, on the hypothesis of a geometrical diminution of intensity, are inaccurate. The tendency to absorption through increasing thicknesses of air is a diminishing one; and in point of fact, the absorption almost certainly reaches a limit beyond which no further loss will take place by an increased thickness of similar atmospheric ingredients. The residual heat, tested by the absorption into a blue liquor, may amount to between half and a third of that which reaches the surface of the earth after a vertical transmission through a clear atmosphere. The law of absorption in a clear and dry atmosphere, equivalent to between one and four thicknesses of the mass of air traversed vertically, may be represented, within those limits, by an intensity diminishing in a geometrical progression, having for its limit the value already mentioned. Hence the amount of vertical transmission has always, hitherto, been greatly overrated; or the value of extra-atmospheric solar radiation greatly underrated. The value of extra-atmospheric solar radiation, on the hypothesis of the above law being generally true, is 73° of the actinometer marked B 2. The limiting value of the solar radiation, after passing through an indefinite atmospheric thickness, is 15° 2'. The absorption, in passing through a vertical atmosphere of 760 millimeters of mercury, is such as to reduce the incident heat from 1 to 0.534. The physical cause of this law of absorption appears to be the non-homogeneity of the incident rays of heat, which, parting with their more absorbable elements, become continually more persistent in their character; as Lambert and others have shown to take place, when plates of glass are interposed between a source of heat and a thermometer.

June 9.—The Marquis of Northampton, President, in the chair.

'On the Specific Inductive Capacities of certain Electric Substances,' by W. S. Harris, Esq.

June 16.—Sir John W. Lubbock, Bart., V.P. and Treas., in the chair.

The following papers were read, viz.:—

'On the Action of the Rays of the Solar Spectrum on Vegetable Colours,' by Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart.—The author, having prosecuted the inquiry, the first steps of which he communicated in a paper read to the Royal Society in February 1840, relating to the effects of the solar spectrum on the colouring matter of the *Viola tricolor*, and on the resin of guaiacum, relates, in the present paper, the results of an extensive series of similar experiments, both on those substances, and also on a great number of vegetable colours, derived from the petals of flowers, and the leaves of various plants. In the case of the destruction of colour of the preparations of guaiacum, which takes place by the action of heat, as well as by the more refrangible rays of light, he ascertained that although the non-luminous thermic rays produce an effect, in as far as they communicate heat, they are yet incapable of effecting that peculiar chemical change which other rays, much less copiously endowed with heating power, produce in the same experiment. He also found that the discoloration produced by the less refrangible rays is much accelerated by the application of artificial terrestrial heat, whether communicated by conduction or by radiation; while, on the other hand, it is in no degree promoted by the purely thermic rays beyond the spectrum, acting under precisely similar circumstances, and in an equal degree of condensation. The author proceeds to describe, in great detail, the photographic effects produced on papers coloured by various vegetable juices, and afterwards washed with solutions of particular salts; and gives a minute account of the manipulations he employed for the purpose of imparting to paper the greatest degree of sensitiveness to the action of solar light. This action he found to be exceedingly various, both as regards its total intensity and the distribution of the active rays over the spectrum. He observed, however, that the following peculiarities obtain almost universally in the species of action exerted. First, the action is *positive*; that is to say, light destroys colour, either totally, or leaving a residual tint, on which it has no further, or a very much slower action; thus effecting a sort of chromatic analysis, in which two distinct elements of colour are separated, by destroying the one and leaving the other outstanding. The older paper, or the tincture with which it is stained, the greater is the amount of this residual tint. Secondly, the action of the spectrum is confined, or nearly so, to the region of it occupied by the luminous rays, as contra-distinguished both from the so-called chemical rays beyond the violet, (which act with chief energy on argentine compounds, but are here for the most part ineffective,) on the one hand, and on the other, from the thermic rays beyond the red, which appear to be totally ineffective. Indeed, the author has not hitherto met with any instance of the extension of this description of photographic action on vegetable colours beyond, or even quite up to the extreme red. Besides these, the author also observed that the rays which are effective in destroying a given tint, are, in a great many cases, those whose union produces a colour complementary to the tint destroyed, or at least one belonging to that class of colours to which such complementary tint may be referred. Yellows tending towards orange, for example, are destroyed with more energy by the blue rays; blues by the red, orange and yellow rays; purples and pinks by yellow and green rays. These phenomena may be regarded as separating the luminous rays by a broadly defined line of chemical distinction from the non-luminous; but whether they act *as such*, or in virtue of some peculiar chemical quality of the heat which accompanies them *as heat*, is a point which the author considers his experiments on guaiacum as leaving rather equivocal. In the latter alternative, he observes, chemists must henceforward recognize, in heat from different sources, differences not simply of intensity, but also of quality; that is to say, not merely as regards the strictly chemical changes it is capable of effecting in ingredients subjected to its influence. One of the most remarkable results of this inquiry has been the discovery of a process, circumstantially described by the author, by which paper washed over with a solution of ammonio-citrate of iron, dried, and then washed over with a solution of ferro-sesquicyanuret of potassium, is rendered capable of receiving with great rapidity a photographic image, which, from being originally

faint and sometimes scarcely perceptible, is immediately called forth on being washed over with a neutral solution of gold. The picture does not at once acquire its full intensity, but darkens with great rapidity up to a certain point, when the resulting photograph attains a sharpness and perfection of detail which nothing can surpass. To this process the author applies the name of *Chrysotype*, to recall to mind its analogy with the Calotype process of Mr. Talbot, to which in its general effect it affords so close a parallel.

'Experimental Researches on the Elliptic Polarization of Light,' by the Rev. Baden Powell, M.A.—This paper contains an experimental investigation of the phenomena of elliptic polarization resulting from the reflexion of polarized light from metallic surfaces, and the theory on which they are explicable; the analytical results being given in a tabular form, and applied to the cases of the experiments themselves.

'On the Influence of the Moon on the Atmospheric Pressure, as deduced from the Observations of the Barometer made at the Magnetic Observatory at St. Helena,' by Lieut. J. H. Lefroy, R.A., late Director of that Observatory.—In order to determine the dependence of the barometric pressure on lunar influence, the author arranges all the two-hourly observations in each lunar month with relation to the time of the moon's passing the meridian; entering in one column the observation of each day nearest to the meridian passage, whether before or after; and entering in separate columns those corresponding to two hours, four hours, six hours, &c., before and also after that observation. The monthly means at every two hours from the meridian passage are then taken; and again, the means at the same intervals, for each three months from September 1840 to December 1841. From the results thus obtained the author states that it appears that the moon's passage over both the inferior and superior meridian produces a slight increase of pressure; a maximum in the curve occurring at both (that of the latter being slightly the greater), while the minima correspond to the moon's rising or setting. It appears also, that the rise of the tides will not account for the whole amount of the increase of pressure, even admitting that it has a tendency to produce an effect of that nature. The times of maxima do not correspond; and there appears to be no atmospheric establishment. The pressure is greater about the period of new moon than at full moon; and greater in the third and fourth than in the first and second quarters; a result which agrees with that given by Mr. Howard for the climate of London. The observations of both years agree in making the pressure greater under the Perigee than under the Apogee. Mr. Howard had found that the mean pressure in Great Britain, which is in the opposite hemisphere from St. Helena, is greater under the Apogee than under the Perigee.

'Notices of the Aurora Australis from the 1st to the 31st of March 1841, made on board H.M.S. Erebus; extracted from the log-book,' by Captain J. C. Ross, R.N.

'An Appendix to a paper on the Nervous Ganglia of the Uterus, with a further Account of the Nervous Structures of that Organ,' by Robert Lee, M.D.

'Magnetic-term Observations of the Declination, Inclination and Total Intensity, made at the Magnetic Observatory at Prague, for February, March, and April 1842.'—'Magnetic and Meteorological Observations for February 1842, taken at the Magnetic Observatory at Madras.'—'Magnetic and Meteorological Observations from May 1841 to March 1842, made at the Observatory established by the Rajah of Travancore, at Trevandrum.'

The Society then adjourned to the 17th of November next.

#### GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

W. R. Hamilton, Esq., President, in the chair.

Read, the Narrative of a Survey of part of the South Coast of Asia Minor, and of a tour in the interior of Lycia, in 1840-1, by Mr. Richard Hoskyn, Master of H.M.S. *Beacon*, under the direction of Commander Thomas Graves; communicated by Capt. Beaufort.—On the 28th November, 1840, Mr. Hoskyn sailed from the harbour of Piræus, in the *Isabella* decked-boat, with Mr. Harvey, assistant surgeon, and a crew of eight hands, for the coast of Asia Minor; and, after

encountering some severe gales, they reached Rhodes on the 14th of December. They commenced their survey at Cape Kezil-bournou, rounding which, they arrived at the bay of Keuy-Geze, and visited the extensive ruins of Caunus; from thence, ascending a stream, which they presumed to be the Calbis, they came to a lake, six miles long and 2½ wide, with a depth of from three to thirteen fathoms water, which is brackish. This lake receives the Yuvulki, the only perennial affluent. In the winter, several other streams fall into the lake; and, at this season, all the plain, from the lake to the sea, is inundated. The promontory of Kapanvy separates Keuy-Geze-Tchai from the bay of Delamon. The village of the same name is about five miles from the sea, and is of little importance. Near the shore, on the S.E. part of the bay of Delamon, some ruins were found—this is conjectured to be the site of the Grove of Latona. Near this spot is Cape Artemisium, a rugged and bold promontory, nearly insulated. On rounding this are some fertile islands, producing tobacco of superior quality. These islands separate the Gulph of Scopos from the Gulph of Makry. In a small bay, to the N. of these islands, are some rock tombs, and the remains of an Hellenic fortress. The inscription of a Lycian tomb was copied. Every creek, island, and bay, in the Gulph of Scopos, has ruins of the middle ages. On the mountains, to the N., is an ancient site, probably Dedala, and here are numerous tombs in the rocks, in the usual Lycian style, some of them well finished. The mountains are of serpentine, and terminate on the shore in stupendous cliffs, inhabited by vast numbers of pigeons. The harbour of Makry is perfectly secure, and well sheltered from all winds. The eastern shores of the harbour are low and marshy; the sea is on the south shore, in the midst of a marsh; it is a wretched collection of hovels, surrounded by the ancient city of Telmessus, and is very unhealthy in the summer months. The rock tombs here have their entrance adorned with Ionic columns, and are otherwise finished in the most elaborate style. The city must have covered a great extent of ground. Leaving Makry, and rounding the bold coast to the south of it, they passed Cavas Angistro, and some island covered with ruins of the middle ages. They entered the port of Levisy, where their survey of the coast terminated. Hence, Mr. Hoskyn and his companion returned to Marmarass for provisions. There are two channels to the harbour, of which the eastern is the best, though too narrow for a large ship to work through. Admiral Stopford's fleet was lying here, and its presence set the whole neighbourhood in motion to procure supplies. Before the expedition to Egypt rendezvoused here in 1801, the harbour of Marmarass and Karagatch were scarcely known; but they have now been accurately surveyed, and the seaman may run fearlessly into any of its fine harbours, and procure such supplies as the country affords. Cape Marmarass is seventeen miles N.N.E. of the north of Rhodes. From Marmarass, Mr. Hoskyn again visited Makry, whence, on the 5th March, 1841, accompanied by Mr. Harvey, he started on a trip to the ruins of Xanthus, wishing, as he says, to make all the additions in his power to the geography of the country, and not being aware that Mr. Fellows had already been over the ground. The travellers took the circuitous route by Hoozoolmee, five hours from Makry. On a mountain near the village, are the ruins of a Greek city; on approaching which they observed numerous tombs excavated in the rocks, but which had been thrown out of their original position by the violence of earthquakes.—one, a sarcophagus, highly ornamented, has been removed from its original site, in an entire state, to a considerable distance, and now lies at the head of a ravine, inclined to an angle of 30°, apparently waiting for the next shock to precipitate it to the bottom. The ruins in question have been ascertained by Mr. Fellows to be those of the city of Cadyanda. Leaving Hoozoolmee, they followed a ravine leading to the valley of the Xanthus, and travelled along the banks of this ravine, which they crossed by a substantial bridge of five arches, built by a Pasha of Algiers, named Hassa Pasha, a native of Deubar, which place he had left when a youth in indigent circumstances; and on the attainment of riches he did not forget his native country, as this bridge, and other edifices, testify. Continuing along the left bank of the river, they



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passed some sulphureous springs, used by persons affected with cutaneous disorders. Having reached the village of Deuvur, the travellers ascended to the ruins of Tios, whence the view is described as one of the finest imaginable. The guide refused to take them on to Xanthus by the left bank of the river, alleging that the passage of the Mangher Tchai, an affluent of the Xanthus, was more dangerous than the Xanthus itself. The Xanthus was, therefore, forded at Sakalat Keuy, where it is about 100 feet wide. The route now lay over wooded hills, among which they observed abundance of valonia. On approaching Kooruk, the valley contracts, and the river flows between steep banks, and under precipitous cliffs. Near this place were ruins, and among them a theatre, of somewhat peculiar construction. Of Xanthus, Mr. Hoskyn thinks it unnecessary to say much, as it has been so fully described by Mr. Fellows. The next object of attraction was Pinara; on approaching which, Mr. Hoskyn says, they were much struck with the grandeur of the scene. The cliffs were so filled with tombs, as to appear, at a distance, like the burrowings of some animal. The ruins of Pinara occupy a great extent of ground, and many of the tombs are deserving of the highest admiration, from the great beauty of their finish. On passing along the foot of the mountain, on his return to Makry from Pinara, Mr. Hoskyn remarked the evidences of a former extensive cultivation, with which the present state of the country presents a sad contrast: it is nine hours from Minara to Makry. On the 21st of May, the party rejoined the *Beacon* at the island of Paros, after an absence of six months. On the 7th of October, Mr. Hoskyn again left the ship, to prosecute the survey of the coast.

The first place visited on this trip was the Bay of Phramaki, and after fixing the mouth of the Xanthus, Mr. Hoskyn and his companion, Mr. Forbes, proceeded to Makry to make arrangements for another tour into the interior. Leaving Makry on the 22nd of October, they crossed the Xanthus by the bridge already mentioned, and proceeded towards Almalee. On the route, various ruins were passed, and a peak of 9,000 feet was ascended, where good observations were made, and where Mr. Forbes, whose object was natural history, added considerably to his collections. The highest peak of the Massicytus mountains was seen to the southward, towering to the height of 10,000 feet. Many caravans were passed, going from Almalee to Makry; they were chiefly laden with wheat. The plain of Almalee is about 5,000 feet above the sea; it was crossed over to the village of Armotloo, situated at its S.E. extremity. Here also were sarcophagi and ruins, but no inscriptions. Passing along the east side of the plain, and crossing a stream, they reached Almalee, said to be the largest town in this part of Asia Minor. It stands at the N.E. end of the plain in a little valley or natural amphitheatre of mountains; it is surrounded by gardens, and well watered; the houses are built of unburnt bricks, and roofed with thin deals; it contains about 1,500 houses, has several mosques, a bazaar, and a market on Thursdays. Many Franks resort here; their purchases are generally sent to Makry for exportation. Everything here indicates an industrious people in easy circumstances. There are no traces of antiquity at Almalee. Near Almalee is a stream which engulphs itself in a cave of the rocks. Leaving Almalee, the party proceeded in a westerly direction, to Kiziljar and Yuvah, whence they ascended a steep hill and arrived at some ruins, with many tombs scattered about, the lids of some of the sarcophagi being ornamented with bas-reliefs; here two inscriptions were copied. From this place they descended into another series of elevated plains, and came to the village of Sehdehler Yeila. The term Yeila signifies a highland district, and every important place in the low countries has its Yeila, whither the inhabitants repair to escape the heat of summer. At Sehdehler Yeila there are many vestiges of antiquity. Skirting the plain, they came to Oorloojah, where are some fine ruins, and some inscriptions, the covers of the sarcophagi being generally ornamented with the figure of a lion. From hence the travellers proceeded to Tremeli, on the road to which, on a hill, are the ruins of a temple of white marble. At Pama there are very extensive ruins, and many inscriptions, generally well preserved. At Tremeli the party were informed of extensive ruins at a place

called Horzoon, three miles to N.E. of Tremeli, but unfortunately they had no time to visit them. Tremeli contains 500 houses; it is situated at the base of the hills on the S.E. side of an extensive plain, and is surrounded by gardens and vineyards. A stream rises near it which joins the Delamon River. From Tremeli the party set out on their return to Makry. On the road they crossed a pass which could not be less than 6,000 feet above the sea, and it would soon become impracticable if not attended to. They passed several khans erected for the use of travellers, but not a single village till they reached Derelkenzy, whence they continued their route by Hoozoomlee to Makry, where they arrived on the 2nd of November at sunset. The Rev. E. T. Daniell, Mr. Forbes, the naturalist, and Lieut. S. Grant, the assistant surveyor, are now travelling in the south of Asia Minor, and from their talents and energy much valuable information may be expected. Near two miles north of Orahn (Arasa) the Xanthus is seen issuing from the ground, and immediately becomes a considerable stream; it is joined at the same spot by its tributary from the Yeila. The natives say the waters at the source of the Xanthus never diminish. This river owes its colouring matter to the large tertiary beds through which it flows. Where the snow lay deep in the mountains, the footmarks of numerous leopards and jackals were visible. Mr. Hoskyn states that in these excursions the natives were uniformly civil and obliging; their hospitality to those of their own nation is perfectly gratuitous, but from strangers an acknowledgment was always expected. The above, being but an extract of the paper read, conveys but a very inadequate idea of the country described, which, for abundance of interesting ruins and objects of antiquity, and for beauty of sites is, perhaps, unrivalled.

**INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—June 28.**—The President in the chair. 'An Account of the Bridge over the Thames at Kingston, Surrey,' by Mr. Birch, gave a history of the construction of a bridge, which, by the report of Mr. Telford, appeared to be a good design by Mr. Lapidge well executed, with the rare merit of being built within the estimated cost.

A paper 'On a Self-Acting Signal for Railways,' by Mr. C. B. Curtis, was a description of an invention for preventing collisions between railway trains; the signal has been in action upon the Great Western and London and Birmingham lines, and is stated to have answered.

A paper by Mr. Davison, described the Well at Messrs. Hanbury & Co.'s Brewery, which was sunk for the purpose of obtaining a supply of water from the chalk. It gave the details of an attempt to form an entire cylinder of cast iron from the surface down to the chalk, a depth of nearly 200 feet, in order that the several kinds of springs might be admitted at the various levels. The work was commenced in a large land spring well, sixteen feet diameter, and after the influx of water and sand prevented the men from sinking by hand, the process of "miserling" was resorted to, and the work was carried on under water, the cylinders sinking as the well was excavated. Several casualties occurred, but the result has been, that although a less copious supply of water has been obtained than at the well at Messrs. Reid's Brewery, which was described a short time since, yet, in the two years which have elapsed since its completion, it yields a good constant supply, and there is not any symptom of sand entering the shaft.

A 'Description of the Calder Viaduct, on the Wishaw and Coltness Railway,' by Mr. Macneil, gave, in addition to the details of construction of the wooden trussed frames of the arches of the viaduct, a very extensive series of experiments upon the deflection of the beams. The work was constructed upon an economical scale to suit a limited traffic, but with every facility for widening the viaduct without interfering with the passage of the trains when the increased trade should render it necessary.

'Description of the Harbour of Port Talbot in Glamorganshire,' by Mr. H. R. Palmer. The Harbour is situated on the eastern shore of Swansea Bay, at the outfall of the river Avon, which is fed by the streams from a mountainous district, and traverses an extensive marsh in its progress to the sea. The manufactures of copper and tin plate increased so

rapidly as to render improvements in the course of the river necessary; some spirited individuals, with Mr. Vigurs at their head, undertook it, and, under the author's directions, a sea lock forty-five feet wide was erected, several improvements in the course of the river were executed, and a new direct channel for the river to the sea was decided upon. This was effected by cutting a trench through the marsh land twenty feet wide by ten feet deep, into which the mountain torrents were directed, and in their impetuous course they ploughed away the bottom and sides of the restricted channel until it became large enough to contain the whole body of the river, which is now turned into that track, and a free access formed to a commodious harbour calculated to the wants of the rising port—thus using the powers of nature to accomplish a work of art.

The meeting being the last of the session, the monthly ballot took place, when the following noblemen and gentlemen were duly elected: The Dukes of Wellington and Buccleuch, the Marquis of Northampton, Lords Lyndhurst and Brougham, Sir Robert Peel, the Right Hon. C. S. Lefevre (Speaker of the House of Commons), Professor Airy and Dr. Robinson (of Armagh) as Honorary Members—W. C. Mylne as a Member, and Messrs. Wilkins and Bennett as Associates.

The Meeting adjourned until the second Tuesday in January 1843.

**INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—July 11.**—The first paper read was a 'Description of the Roof suspended over the Panorama in the Champs Elysées, Paris,' by M. Hittorff.—The Hon. Secretary, Mr. Bailey, observed, that although the Germans attribute the invention of panoramas to Prof. Breisig, of Dantzic, it is generally admitted that they are of English origin, and that the first was exhibited in 1793, by Robert Barker, in the city of Edinburgh. The most important building for such exhibitions, one far surpassing any at that time existing in foreign countries, was erected in London by Mr. T. Horner, and is known as the Colosseum, Regent's Park. The plan is a polygon of sixteen compartments, whose interior diameter measures about 123½ feet. The dome is constructed of timber, curved and arranged upon the principle of Philibert de Lorme, and is covered with copper. In the centre of the building are two concentric cylinders supporting three galleries, as well as supporting the centre of the dome or roof. The rotunda, since erected in Paris, surpasses in magnitude even this vast edifice. Among the various designs for embellishing the Champs Elysées, M. Langlois suggested the idea of a rotunda for the exhibition of panoramas. The ground was granted to him for a term of forty years by the Municipal Council on the following conditions:

1. The diameter of rotunda to be 130 feet.
2. The roof to be conical, and without a central kingpost.
3. The rotunda to be lighted by a cycle of glazed sashes.
4. The intervention of any obstruction between the sashes and the wall of the rotunda (thereby casting a shadow upon the canvas) to be carefully avoided.
5. And finally, all these data to be severally complied with at the least possible expenditure.

Considering the difficulty of constructing a building of such dimensions without a central kingpost, and the great expense of arched timberwork, together with the solid structure of the walls, indispensably requisite to resist the thrust of the wooden vault, the artist resolved to apply (in the construction of the new building) the principle of suspension adopted for bridges, by means of chain cables. The site of the rotunda not allowing of the adoption of stays, fastened at a distance from the building, it was necessary so to contrive the buttresses that they should hold the cables and resist their tension. Their number, amounting to twelve, gives a sub-division of the wall of the rotunda into arcs; and it may be considered, at the level of the stone cornice, as a polygon, whose sides adjacent to one and the same buttresses, offered a two-fold force opposed to the strain of the cables. In this way the resistance was obtained nearly at the expense of the cornice and the wall; and by adopting two circles with the cables passing between these circles, the upholding chains can be strained as required. These cables pass at an angle upwards, over vertical rods, which rest on pivots on the inner edge of the cornice wall, which is about 3½ feet in thickness; they then rest on the outer edge of the cornice wall, and the ends of the cables are carried to the abutment walls and

are there fastened. The building was commenced in October 1838, and covered in January 1839. It attains a mean height of nearly 50 feet, occupying a surface of nearly 21,653 square feet, and its circumference is composed of a mass of building above 16 feet in depth, having three stories distributed into apartments over a space of 520 feet; and the cost of the whole was about 13,000*l.*—Mr. T. H. Wyatt directed attention to Forster's Patent Stoneware slabs for preventing damp rising in walls. He had found from experience, that slate was not only porous, but too brittle for the purpose, particularly where houses or buildings are likely to settle; whereas this material is not only impervious to wet, but can be made to any thickness, and sufficiently strong to resist the greatest pressure.

**ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.**—June 6.—The Marquis de Brème and Mr. Edward Doubleday were admitted members. Numerous insects were brought for distribution amongst the members, presented by Messrs. Bond and Evans. Mr. Ingpen exhibited some branches of the spindle tree, from Lincoln's Inn Fields, completely covered by a species of coccus. The following memoirs were read: Description of a new British Species of *Julus*, by Mr. G. Newport. Description of *Depressoria gossypiella*, a small moth, which is very destructive to the cotton crops of India, by the President. Descriptions of new Australian Chrysomelidae, by the same. Monograph on the genus *Nyctelia*, by Mr. Waterhouse. Descriptions of numerous new species of Coleoptera, from Adelaide, South Australia, by the Rev. F. W. Hope. Mr. Evans mentioned an exotic caterpillar, of large size, the hairs of which are so stiff, as to penetrate the flesh when handled, causing inflammation.

July 4.—Mr. F. Smith exhibited various British Hymenoptera, together with specimens of their nests, &c. in illustration of their economy. Mr. Westward exhibited a new Goliath beetle, from India, specimens of *Orchestes Quercus* and its parasites, reared from oak leaves, &c. Mr. S. Stephens exhibited some rare British moths, and Mr. Hope a case of insects from Cape Palmas, many of them being new and singular. He also read extracts from a letter from the Rev. T. S. Savage, respecting the habits of the Goliath beetles of Africa. Numerous specimens of several of which extremely rare insects had been forwarded to Mr. Hope. Other insects were exhibited by Messrs. Saunders and Stephens. Mrs. North presented a wasp's nest, found in the interior of a beehive, the inhabitants of which had been put to flight by the wasps. Mr. Ingpen exhibited the fossil wing of a *Limonia*, from the lias near Gloucester; Mr. Raddon a fine specimen of *Goliathus Drurii*. A paper containing further observations on the habits of the Mygale Itonia, by J. G. Saunders, Esq., was read.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

TUES. Zoological Society, 4 p. 8. P.M.—Scientific Business.  
— Meteorological Society, 8.

### FINE ARTS

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Seasons*, by James Thomson, with engraved Illustrations from Designs drawn on Wood, &c. Edited by Bolton Corney, Esq.

*The Book of British Ballads*. Edited by S. C. Hall, Esq.

Few works of the class have a fairer prospect of popularity than this new edition of Thomson, illustrated by the members of the Etching Club. Most of the designs are in accordance with the spirit of the author—some of them beautiful. The landscape vignettes contributed by Mr. Creswick entitle him to a first place as a book-illustrator; exhibiting a versatility, for which his warmest admirers could hardly have hardly ventured to give him credit. Mr. F. Tayler is not far behind, as his designs, pp. 11, 12, and 26, will most satisfactorily prove; and he comes one step nearer historical art than Mr. Creswick, in right of his clever management of rustic figures. Messrs. Cope, Horsley, Redgrave, and Bell, are a degree more ambitious:—would that we might praise them as heartily, according to their order: but with all their true English feeling, and the general grace of their conceptions, we cannot shut our eyes to an equally pervading deficiency. Let any one look at the short arms of the *Damon*, (p. 15); or the timid

and decrepit figures of the dancers in the otherwise elegant design (p. 201); or the dislocated body of the prostrate fox-hunter (p. 196); or the wonderful length of limb of the Italian peasant (p. 206); and our complaint will be sufficiently understood and justified. If, however, we should be thought hypercritical, the dissentient has but to turn to the outline design (p. 126), to receive entire conviction. Here the glaring distortions are the more provoking, inasmuch as their perpetrator in his prefatory outline to 'Spring,' gives indications of grace, poetry, and fancy, worthy of being carried to the highest perfection. The book is beautifully brought out; the vignettes are from copper blocks, produced by the electrotype process. This gives a certain peculiarity of effect to the impressions, more easy to perceive than to describe. Other of our classical poems are to follow, illustrated in a similar fashion. Mr. Bolton Corney's labours are not the less to be commended because they are unobtrusive. The work is extremely well edited, and therefore entitled to a place on the library shelf as well as on the drawing-room table.

The 'Book of British Ballads' shows, we fear, what our designers can at present achieve, and what they cannot. In his preface, the editor distinctly announces his intention of bringing our national forces into the field against the German designers. How his purpose is carried into effect, is easily told. In the two numbers before us, the only illustrations which at all bear him out in his challenge, are by Mr. Franklin; and these have little more merit (as to style) than belongs to a clever copy:—heads, costumes, attitudes, groupings, all recalling to us prototypes in some of Retsch's outlines to Bürger or Shakspeare. Where this imitation cannot be direct, our clever artist fails: for instance in those fantastic combinations of ornament and figure which serve as head and tail pieces. However riotous be German fantasy, there is always a connexion and a meaning—the most careless leaf bears its intimation, the most capricious arabesque takes its part in the description. Here we have a fancy, at once far more timid and far less pertinent—no sense of the proportions of the grotesque: if an intention is at last unriddled, it is with difficulty, and the idea proves hardly worth the trouble. Where no imitative attempt has been made, our artists are still less fortunate. Mr. Herbert's series of designs to the 'Babes in the Wood' are not equal to those by Mr. Harvey, published many years ago, and far inferior to some by old Stothard. Mr. Creswick, in illustrating the 'Nut-brown Mayd' (his title-page excepted, which is in his best manner), has suffered from the uncouth disproportion of the panel to which he has been obliged to accommodate his design: this, by the way, must have been felt as a difficulty by every artist concerned. The illustrators of 'Kempion' and 'The Demon Lover,' do not get beyond rampant melodrama in their notions of the supernatural, while the designer employed upon 'The Two Brothers,' in his aspiration after antiquity of costume, produces combinations little short of absurd. It gives us pain to offer these strictures, but they are wanted. It has been of late the fashion to act and write with respect to Art as if opportunity at once created the means—as if draughtsmen and fresco-painters would

Come when we did call for them—

in place of having to be created by patient study and humble self-renunciation. We do not give the less clear-sighted to its wants. Till the latter be more generally owned, "performance" (as in the case of both these publications) must continue to lag behind "desire."

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

**MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE.**—On Thursday evening, the 28th ult., at a Concert of choral and madrigal music, given at the British School, Harp Alley, Mr. H. E. Hickson delivered a farewell address, in which he took a brief review of the progress of popular instruction in music. He observed that, within the last few years, a great and an important change had been effected. When the proposition was first made, that the people should be taught to sing, as a means of weaning our neglected operatives from the vice of intemperance, it was received with ridicule; and when he had endeavoured, by lectures and pamphlets, to show

that music might be rendered a great moral engine for softening the manners, refining the taste, and raising the character of the working classes, he was treated as a well-intentioned but an impracticable enthusiast. It was up-hill work in those days, and required both perseverance and some moral courage, but it was now pleasant for the pioneers in the cause, in retiring from the field of their labours, to observe that the path they had opened for others had become the road to professional success and personal distinction. When Mr. Wyse once intimated an opinion in the House of Commons that, among other branches of useful instruction, children should be taught to sing, as in Germany, the legislators present replied to his remarks by a laugh. Now Ministers of State, the highest dignitaries of the Church, the first nobles in the land rise in both Houses of Parliament, to avow their conviction that a normal school for instruction in singing is a suitable object for a public grant; and although there was some reason to apprehend that any grant now contemplated would be confined to the propagation of music by one particular method, (and exclusive government patronage had a tendency to check improvement, by operating practically as a discouragement to the professors of other methods of equal or superior merit,) that, perhaps, after all, should be viewed by the friends of the object as but a slight drawback to the success which had attended their exertions, and the result, on the whole, must be considered as highly gratifying. And it ought to be especially gratifying to some of those he saw around him, because undoubtedly the impression produced on the public mind might, in great part at least, be traced to the impulse originally communicated from the place in which they were assembled. The first public demonstration of the practicability of Part Singing as a branch of school instruction was given, with the assistance of the children he had himself taught to sing, in that place, the boys and girls of the British School. At the numerous lectures which he had undertaken the duty of delivering, he had been accompanied by about sixty of the children from that school, and undoubtedly the interest excited by those amateur juvenile concerts, the tuneful voices, and the happy faces of the children, greatly tended to prepare the way for a movement which had since become too strong for prejudice to resist. This was a circumstance to be remembered with pride, and he trusted the Society would long continue to prosper, as a permanent memorial of efforts commenced within those walls in favour of a great and good object, now in train of happy accomplishment. Musical instruction in some form or other was certain to penetrate into every corner of the United Kingdom; and as the same reason which had formerly induced him to sacrifice a large portion of his time to the object, no longer existed, it was fitting that in the same place where they commenced should now close that series of public duties (self-imposed, but sometimes of an arduous character) which he had undertaken to perform in connexion with the subject of music.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

##### English Instrumental Compositions.

An article with this title written some twenty years ago, might have been almost as concise as the famous chapter on "Snakes in Iceland," in the history of that island by Olaus Magnus: not that we forget Mr. Potter's well-constructed symphonies and piano-forte trios, or that Mr. Neate, by a publication or two, had given in his adherence to the highest classical authorities of Germany. But—no disrespect to these well-instructed artists—their works have never enjoyed any wide currency in England; and we can hardly recall another English writer deserving attention or commemoration, in this most difficult and most intellectual branch of musical composition.

Times have essentially changed. The more liberal education which our musicians now receive, disposes them to work more largely with reference to their art, than to their treasury, than they had the ambition to do a score of years since. Their increased experience, too, of continental music, besides awakening a desire to achieve something which shall place them on the same page with the Hummels and the Mendelssohns, has put them in possession of a store of models in every style—the antique—the classical—the fantastic. The consequence is, that our young men of



England have begun to dream symphonies, septets, and sonatas, with a determination to distinguish themselves as resolute as animates the most enthusiastic of their contemporary students, who, with open throat, long hair, or banditti beard, saunters down the Linden Strasse, or the Boulevards, rapt in visions of Mozart, Weber, Beethoven, and himself!

This is well: and we cannot forbear adverting with a word of gratitude to the Society of British Musicians, as having done its part in quickening so respectable an ambition. If we add, that more clear-sighted management, and greater humility, would have ensured that establishment a longer life and a wider usefulness, it is not because we cannot give thanks without cavilling;—but because the rising school of young English composers suffers heavily from the very same causes as the Society which first brought it forward. In brief, we fear that its members are too apt to mistake the true direction of study and invention, or too ready to rest contented in a complacent self-and-neighbour glorification.

The most distinguished of the company, whose compositions are before us, is Mr. W. S. Bennett. His *Fantasia* (Op. 16), his *Caprice*, with full Orchestra (Op. 22), and his *Grand Sonata* (Op. 13), are emphatic as evidences of his resolution to keep apart from the fragmentary and frivolous writers whom it is the humour of the day to encourage. They attest, too, his possession of sound science:—being as symmetrical as heart could desire: they contain, moreover, a fair share of expressive melody. But in the pursuit of symmetry Mr. Bennett falls often into dryness; while his predilection for expression permits him to introduce the commonest melodic phrases, so they be but broad in contour and sentimental in cast. In his *scherzi*, continuity without felicity of form, is too apt to take the semblance of a finger study, and melody without fantasy to wane into a rapid *pianesse*; these, therefore, are his least happy productions: on the contrary, his slow movements, which he is fond of casting in some national mould, are the gems in his works. Again, his more substantial *allegros* and *finales* are apt to fail for the want of those diversifying episodes, so necessary to the relief of the main idea, and from a monotony in his passages, which becomes at last, as in the case of the *Caprice*, positively wearisome. Now, it seems to us that all these faults have arisen from and been perpetuated by Mr. Bennett's fond adoption of one model—from his resolution to emulate Mendelssohn's simplicity of construction and Mendelssohn's *arpeggi* and accompanied melodies. That such close and enthusiastic imitation exists, no one that is familiar with the two writers can for a moment question: that it has aided in carrying Mr. Bennett's popularity to its present point, by giving him the semblance of a style, is also possible. By a like line of proceeding, another of our clever writers, Mr. Balfe, adopting in his operas the peculiarities of the modern Italians, has more nearly achieved an European reputation than any other English vocal composer. But in this very success there is a bar to further progress. When imitation becomes unconscious, it is incurable; and the best of imitations must pall, more especially in a case like the present, where the accidents of style pitched upon by Mr. Bennett are precisely the weakest points of his original, and only harmonized and carried off by other individualities so forcible and so imaginative, that their existence is forgotten for the sake of their *entourage*. Believing Mr. Bennett to be called to high destinies as an English musician, we feel that it would be well worth his while, by a vigorous effort, to emancipate himself from personal predilection, and to seek for those principles of Art which belong to all time and every great composer. Unless he can do this, and speedily, he will ere long slide backwards.

We would offer the same good counsel to a younger writer of promise, whose works show him to be yet more deeply tinctured with love for the composer of 'St. Paul.' This is Mr. Charles Horsley, whose *Six Melodies for the Pianoforte*, graceful, well conducted, and agreeably varied though they be, would never have been written had not the 'Lieder ohne Worte' gone before them. The first of the set—in D minor—possesses the largest share of individuality; for which reason, though it be not the most engaging of the series, we prefer it to its companions.

Mr. Macfarren's *Overture to Chevy Chase*, arranged for two Performers, does not give us a fair opportunity of discussing his gifts and graces, inasmuch as the best arrangement of orchestral music must yield passages ineffective on a keyed instrument. Unluckily, too, an arrangement gives us no right to examine the composer's taste in instrumental combination. But we have memory to help us, and can quote its favourable testimony to the skill and ease with which Mr. Macfarren disposes the various materials of which a band is made up. This arranged overture, then, can only be considered as a specimen of idea and construction. In the former first requisite, Mr. Macfarren has always seemed to us deficient: he writes with the facility, but also the fatigue, of one who, careless or over-driven, rejects no single thought that presents itself, though it have been used a hundred times before. After a trumpet flourish,—not half so piquant as the "tra la la" which opens the *allegro* to Auber's prelude to 'Fra Diavolo,'—our dear old English ballad tune is introduced; but in common time. It is again repeated when the main business of the overture begins—the second time, forced out of its natural shape into the undulating rhythm. Now, if Mr. Macfarren was disposed to build an overture on a popular air, we think he would have best proved his ingenuity by leaving it as he found it; especially, as in the original *3/4 tempo*, and the consequent cast of the emphasis, lies much of the ballad *stomch*, which gives 'Chevy Chase' its nationality. A tune for recitation, indeed, (and such the melody emphatically is,) could not move easily in either the strict form of common time, or the wave-like flow imposed upon it by the *gondola measure*, in which it is here set. In the latter position, Mr. Macfarren makes it the basis of a *crescendo* as common as any by Auber, but not half so piquant. The winding up of the overture, too,—that part of the work where the master's hand so clearly distinguishes itself from the craftsman's—is noisy, interminable, and unmeaning: a correct but not admirable close to a work, which, as an exercise, would be meritorious, but as a composition is of little mark or value.

We cannot extend to Mr. Davison's *Sonata* affectively christened *Floretta*, or to his *Tarantella*, no less affectively called "Giovannina," the praise which it was a pleasure not long ago to give to some of his songs. Probably, in the *Sonata*, some picturesque ideal was before his mind, which seduced him into the peculiar sickliness in which the composition "draws its slow length along"; but as he has not left the key in the lock, we can only treat his work as the thing it is,—wonder at the slightness of its melodies, and its composer's total indifference to contrast or variety in their elaboration. It is wholly in triple rhythm, and,—save for the *scherzo*, which is muscular and spirited rather than playful,—wholly in one colour. The harmonies, too, which, if a writer will essay the elegant, should correspond with the humour of the theme selected, are oftener crude than charming. In the *Tarantella* we have the same faults; add to which a meagreness in the melody, the publication of which implies positive hardihood. The tune is such as any "lazy finger of a maid" could scrawl in sheer wantonness upon the blank sheet before her. From page 6 to 11 we have some attempt at working it out, but "nothing can come of nothing." If the writer had studied the two most recent movements in this style,—those, we mean, by Chopin and Moscheles,—he must have forborne to give his own to the press.

Mr. Brinley Richards is another and not the least clever of our aspirants, as his *Caprice* proves:—but why call so steady-going a production by such a meteoric name? As a study, it would have deserved far higher praise; though, under any name, we should prefer to it the "Notturmo" its composer has contributed to a miscellany, foolishly called 'The Prince of Wales's Album.' Having accidentally mentioned this collection, we will specify the other productions it contains, in which "Young England" has distinguished itself. One is Mr. Lincoln's *Impromptu*, which, like Mr. Richards's *Caprice*, should have been called a "Study,"—well knit, and never losing sight of the main figure and passage; and, as such, excellent for practice. Another is a very graceful *Sketch* by Mr. Oliver May;—a third, a very gentle but sweet *Rhapsodie*, by Mr. F. B. Jewson. But in leaving these, with the best will to all their writers, we cannot forbear to point to the strong family like-

ness they possess. Any of the specimens might have any of the names attached to it, without either dislocation to the work or derogation to the author's reputation. Need it be pointed out, that without individuality on the part of its members, as well as unity of purpose, no school can be founded? and this we take to be the honourable purpose of our young English instrumental composers.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The music of 'Cosi fan tutte' is in Mozart's most sentimental manner, though the story be one requiring the exercise of the liveliest comic powers, and yet the great master wrote few things intrinsically more beautiful than the terzett "Soave sia il vento"—the two quintetts and the two setetts in the first act; to which we may add the exquisite melody, "Un'aura amorosa," the well-known "La mia Dorabella," &c., &c. So affluent were the great men of his day!—now, upon the strength of a single quadrille melody, and a single quintett, duet, or trio (as the case may be), a grand opera is unhesitatingly thrust forth! The second act of 'Cosi fan tutte' is less dramatic and less interesting than the first, owing to the number of single songs it contains; and accordingly, on Thursday, though four of these were omitted (two for *Ferrando*, one for *Guglielmo*, and one for *Dorabella*), the performance dragged heavily to its close. But a stronger reason for the indifference of the audience may be found in the imperfection or *nonchalance* of all the parties concerned,—save Lablache,—during the whole second act. Madame Persiani obviously despaired of making any effect in the grand *scena* "Per pietà," and was, therefore, unusually languid in its delivery; Madame Granchi, as *Despina*, was often imperfect, and never at ease; and Rubini, who had been singing more beautifully than we ever heard him sing Mozart's music, because less tremulously, seemed, after the sextett "Dove son," as if he had taken not the mock poison of the farce, but a veritable sleeping draught. The stage arrangements, too, were in the meanest barn style,—an insult to the name and fame of Mozart! If this be the manner of revivals, utter neglect and oblivion is better. The severity of our remark is made more imperative, by the vocal perfection of the first half of the performance. A part of Rubini's indolence may be accounted for by the fact that he had afterwards to sing in the third act of Costa's 'Malek Adel,' and was reserving himself for the air "Tiranno cadrai." This we have always considered as his most prodigious, if not his most pleasing, effort; and he never gave it with a more intense blaze of fire and passion than on Thursday. We were glad, too, to hear the music again, 'Malek Adel' having always stood higher in our opinion than in those of the Opera subscribers. As regards science, it is worth twenty of Donizetti's last works; as regards melody, it has enough to stock half as many of Mercadante's new-fashioned pieces of elaboration; and it was well done in the *bénéficiaire* to produce it.

This "glorious summer" has been "the winter of their discontent" to theatrical managers: even the lessee of the Haymarket, whose doors are open all the year to catch the wind of fortune, must have felt the season's influence on those fickle breezes. Indeed, we question if it would not be more profitable in the end, for the actors to have a "long vacation" like the lawyers: after a little privation the playgoers would return with a fresh appetite; as it is, we wonder at the audience, who "leave the bright precincts of the cheerful day" for the sweltering heat of a theatre, and feel for the performers, to whom the very draughts across the stage must be stifling as the sirocco.—Mrs. Keeley has been personating a wax-work Queen Elizabeth at the NEW STRAND this week, and the rest of the company,—whom we have never seen to such advantage,—have stood as the waxen dummies of Madame Tussaud's Exhibition; such was the heat, that Napoleon actually complained of having to wear his great coat and boots perpetually, and we expected to see the seeming wax figures melt away beneath their dresses: this would not be a bad stage trick for the dog days, by way of variety.—At the HAYMARKET, Mr. Farren is going the round of his characters, with Mrs. Nisbett and Mrs. Glover as his condottors, in comedy; and Mr. Phelps has been playing *Sir Giles Overreach*, this week, to Farren's *Marall*, during the

temporary absence of Mrs. Nisbett, who returns to her engagement on Monday; *Dr. Cantwell*, in 'The Hypocrite,' and *Mr. Hardcastle*, in 'She Stoops to Conquer,' are parts that we saw Farren in for the first time, and of which we thought the dressing was the best characteristic; but in this point he is always perfect. His acting of those parts in which we could compare the actor with himself, wanted the high finish of his earlier performances; the increased freedom of manner is accompanied, not by a mellowed tone and a softening of angularities, but by a negligent habitude, not wholly free from coarseness where strength is put forth. The public spoiled their favourites, Munden, Liston, and Reeve, by applauding their grimaces, and they are doing the same with Farren. We fear Mrs. Glover, too, gives in to the prevailing practice of over-acting, much to the detriment of her reputation. Mrs. Nisbett, we rejoice to say, allows scope only to her natural gaiety and archness; her style is as graceful and finished as it is free and cordial; and the genuine woman invests the assumed character with those genial attributes that go so far towards realizing the personation. The want of a stage gentleman who can make love with gallantry and address, and look like a man of good breeding, is a great drawback on the prosperity of comedy at this theatre; Mr. Holl is too boisterous and flashy, and Mr. Wilson too laboured and constrained; but there is more of promise in them than in the older stagers on the same boards.—The *ENGLISH OPERA* burlesque of 'Giselle' is laughable, and other novelties are promised there.

### MISCELLANEA

*British Association.*—

Manchester, July 28.  
In your number of the 16th instant, p. 631, I am represented as having said, that I had proved to the Committee of the House of Commons that the cast iron pillars employed in the Royal Institution were, by one-half at least, too strong for the weight they were called on to support. My statement was, in effect, that I had shown experimentally, in a paper on the strength of pillars (*Phil. Trans.* 1849), that cast iron pillars, whose section is of the form +, which is that employed in the building spoken of, have not more than half the strength which the same quantity of metal would possess if cast in the form of a hollow cylinder, though that is not the best form of pillar. Again, page 663, I am stated to have represented, among others, the experiments of Mr. Rennie as unworthy of confidence. In that communication I was describing the means I had adopted to avoid such sources of inaccuracy, as appeared to me to detract from the truth of the results of former experiments on the strength of materials; and after describing defects in the experiments of Girard and others, I mentioned that the lever used in Mr. Rennie's experiments (*Phil. Trans.* 1818) would not act equally in its descent upon the specimens crushed. I alluded, also, to the objections urged by Tredgold ('Essay on the Strength of Cast Iron,' &c.) against the experiments of Mr. Rennie and Capt. Brown, to determine the tensile strength of cast iron, expressing my conviction that the results were right, as they were in accordance with my own experiments made since that time. The frequent and respectful references which I have made to Mr. Rennie's experiments on other occasions, will show that I had no doubt of their general accuracy, though some of their results have probably been modified by the causes pointed out.

I am, &c. EATON HODGKINSON.

*Natural Curiosities at Windsor Castle.*—An extraordinary and interesting natural curiosity is now to be seen at Windsor Castle. It evinces, in a peculiar manner, the extraordinary perseverance and ingenuity of the Chinese,—who, during the progress of the growth of plants, have discovered the means of transforming or training their roots, so as to make them assume the shapes of various animals. The singular curiosity referred to is supposed by some to be the root of the large Chinese dog-rose, and by others to be the root of the vine. It is about three feet in length, and of a proportionate height; and bears a close resemblance to the shape of a lion,—having the legs and feet, head, tail, and body, with its shaggy mane, most rudely perfect. By what means the Chinese acquire this mode of expanding and shaping the roots of plants is unknown.—Another recent arrival at Windsor Castle is a horse, supposed to be the smallest in the world. This little creature, well shaped, though somewhat out of present condition, stands only 27 inches high; and is consequently overtopped by many Newfoundland and other dogs. It was brought from Java. On its arrival, the Captain took the little animal in a cab to the Mansion House, and galloped it up and down the saloon. Upon taking leave he carried it down stairs.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The Soldier's Funeral—E. L. W.—received.—Mr. Rees' letter next week.

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